THE LIVING AGE

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for February, 1932

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THE LIVING AGE. Published monthly. Publication office, 10 FERRY STREET, CONCORD, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 253 Broadway, New York City. 50c a copy. $6.00 a year. Canada, $6.50. Foreign, $7.00. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1932, by The Living Age Company, New York, New York.

THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

THE ONE happy augury for 1932 is that the world crisis must come to a head before the year is far advanced. That seasoned political writer, J. L. Garvin, editor of the London *Observer*, is able to point a way out that is not only encouraging but intelligent—a welcome sign of the times. Incidentally, we refer our readers to Mr. Laski's sketch of Mr. Garvin in our 'Persons and Personages' department. Coupled with Mr. Garvin's article is a remarkable leading editorial from the *New Statesman and Nation*. We cannot definitely assert that it was written by John Maynard Keynes, but he is one of the editors of that paper and this particular editorial expresses a point of view that he has often maintained, to wit, that the increased efficiency of machinery and of agriculture compels us to devise a new economic system that will provide everybody with all the good things of life and the leisure to enjoy them. Unfortunately, the process of transition into that new order is almost proving fatal to civilization.

AS HE explains in his 'Farewell to India,' Ayi Tendulkar has passed the last year in his native country as correspondent for the *Berliner Tageblatt*, having spent the eight previous years in Europe. He reports with sorrow that Mother India has bobbed her hair, adopted short skirts, and generally taken over all the vulgarities of Western civilization under the delusion that she is making progress. Meanwhile, Gandhi, her great prophet, for whom Mr. Tendulkar has no great reverence, is trying to turn back the hands of the clock and revive domestic industries. Another man who knows India at first hand, Major Yeats-Brown, the author of *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, describes one of his amazing Hindu friends who can perform incredible mental feats and who is able to summon the vision of his dead wife and talk to her. At the close of the article we discover that the wisdom of the East consists, not to put too fine a point upon it, in overcoming the evils of constipation.

WRITING for a German audience, Hsu Dau-lin naturally resorts to German habits of thought. He describes the war between China and Japan as a contest between culture and civilization, terms that no reader of Oswald Spengler needs to have defined for him. To complete our Oriental picture we also include a hitherto unpublished description of how Lenin received funds from the Japanese during the Russo-Japanese War and used them to make strikes behind the lines. Not only does it add to our knowledge of the greatest revolutionary leader of all time but it displays methods that are quite possibly still in vogue.

HOW the world depression has hit Russia and forced the Communists to choose between building up the Five-Year Plan at the expense of their revolutionary efforts abroad and easing up on the Plan in order to increase their activities in other countries is the subject of a sympathetic article by a German radical who, though not a Communist himself, has strong tendencies in that direction. This piece is followed by an excellent factual description of the contents of a typical Moscow newspaper—not a party publication like *Pravda* and *Izvestia* but a purely popular sheet. It shows that even in his recreational moments the Russian enjoys hearing about politics.

AS WE point out in 'The World Over,' Franco-British relations have been severely strained in recent months. A typical instance of the present state of ill will between the two countries occurred when the November issue of *Le Crapouillot*, a popular illustrated monthly containing excellent articles and illustrations, was suppressed by the French authorities because it reproduced an indescribably obscene anti-British cartoon published in France during the Boer War and suppressed at that time. Ostensibly the recent suppression was the work of the French authorities, and the

(*Continued on page 563*)

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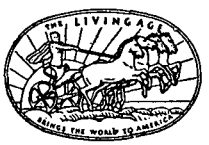
THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844



February, 1932 *Volume 341, Number 4385*

The World Over

ACCORDING to the best foreign opinion, the world crisis will come to a head in February. This means, among other things, that America's foreign creditors will make it clear before the first of March that not another penny of debts or reparations can be sent across the Atlantic. The will to pay has disappeared—capacity to pay and moral obligation no longer matter. Possibly the Lausanne Conference will leave room for a generous American gesture at Geneva, since it was common gossip last summer that the Moratorium had been made temporary in order to leave the United States still holding some claim on Europe to surrender in exchange for a promise to disarm. It is therefore conceivable that Europe will be spared outright repudiation.

But the world crisis has intensified so rapidly in recent months that debts and reparations have become matters of secondary importance abroad. The question over there is whether the capitalist system can be preserved. At any rate, that is the line taken by the English and Germans, who may, of course, be so determined to have the war liquidated at American expense that they are painting the blackest picture possible. The London *Statist*, as sober a journal as there is in England, closes a leading editorial entitled 'Washington and World Problems' with this passage:—

> It will need a universal bankruptcy attended by dangerous social upheavals to bring the world to its senses. Already the international monetary standard is crumbling. The net influx of gold into the United States and into France during the year 1931 amounted to nearly £150,000,000, and the movement continues while one nation after another is forced to abandon the gold standard. Japan took the step, and there have been strong rumors of further defections. If the current

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German debt negotiations break down it is obvious that the whole of Central and Eastern Europe must follow the course of currency depreciation from which a partial moratorium on foreign debts has hitherto saved it. The one hope that the present position holds out is that the situation will have become so serious by January as to render a courageous and liberal solution imperative if the capitalistic system is to survive.

ALTHOUGH foreign critics are profuse in their warnings, they seldom describe what is actually going to happen. One certain consequence of debt repudiation will be new and higher taxes in the United States, which will find itself paying still more of the war costs at a time when government expenditures are rising and revenue is declining. In other words, America will be facing many of the same problems that have been weighing down Europe, while at the same moment Germany will be grappling with a new problem that the past few years have created and that we in America may ourselves be facing some years hence. That problem, to put the matter in a nutshell, is social revolution, and Germany is not the only nation that is threatened with that prospect to-day. To be sure, reparation payments, trade barriers, and redistributions of territory have reduced Germany to peculiarly desperate straits, but England, Italy, Spain, and even France have also been shaken severely. As for the states of Central and Eastern Europe, few of their governments would survive a social revolution in Germany—and even the full accession of the Nazis to power would not be real revolution but only a prelude.

One thing at any rate has at last come out into the open—no country is rich enough to pay the costs of the War, not even the United States. The German middle class was wiped out when the mark went down to nothing and the nation repudiated its domestic debt. When the franc dropped from twenty cents to four cents, French government bonds declined proportionately. England has had to abandon the gold standard and her government securities are now selling as much below par as the pound itself. And even United States government bonds have declined 15 per cent.

But the War is not the only reason why people have lost faith in their existing forms of government. Russia, though essentially quite different from the Western world, holds out strong emotional attractions, especially to the lower classes in Eastern Europe. Although another war in Europe would be so manifestly suicidal that no great power would dare to risk it, a first-rate conflict has been raging in the Far East and bids fair to become that 'next war' that everyone has been fearing since Armistice Day, 1918. Rising tariff walls and the new creed of economic nationalism are slowly strangling all the life out of international trade. As the *New Statesman and Nation* says, 'The international suicide race continues.'

AS NATION after nation abandons the gold standard, British satisfaction increases. E. D. Kissan, financial editor for the largest newspaper

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chain in Great Britain, points out that the whole of Asia with its population of one billion is now off gold and that only some 410,000,000 people out of an estimated world population of 1,850,000,000 have remained true to the yellow metal. In Europe, countries with an aggregate population of 210,000,000 have entirely abandoned gold, and many of the remaining countries, with an aggregate population of 265,000,000, could not maintain the standard if they were put to the test of free gold and exchange markets. Nor is there any prospect of improvement. The world's gold supply is running low and the present inadequate stores are immobilized by French and American hoarders. Mr. Kissan therefore looks forward to the day when the pound will again become the keystone of the world's financial system:—

> We should agree with the Dominions to establish an Empire monetary union, by which an Empire pound should be constituted. Already the currencies of important parts of the Empire, such as the Irish Free State and India, are on a sterling basis. Why not the whole Empire?
>
> The British peoples have been nurtured on the principle that monetary gold is a servant and not a master. They do not hoard their money, but when they have a surplus they lend it out to others, realizing how much the well-being of their trade is bound up with the prosperity of others.
>
> The United Kingdom alone may not dominate the world's finance, but a whole Empire, consolidated both for trade and finance, might well be so independent of foreign monetary policies that, whatever international standard might be adopted and however inadequate it might prove in emergency, the imperial pound sterling would still stand unshaken, and dominate the currencies of the world.

HITLER'S STOCK goes up and down so rapidly that it is impossible to tell a week ahead how his personal fortunes stand. An article in the *New Statesman and Nation* by a correspondent just back from Germany says that at the turn of the year Hitler had become a 'back number.' This does not mean that his movement is weakening—it means that he has been outmanœuvred by Brüning, who has revealed that the real backers of the National Socialist Party are representatives of 'social reaction' from whom the working class can hope for nothing:—

> The economic struggle, in Germany as in some other countries, seems to have entered a new stage, that in which the industrialists are assuming the offensive, while the workers are definitely on the defensive, fighting a sort of rear-guard battle. The economic depression and Germany's 5,000,000 unemployed form a favorable background for such an offensive; for the workers are no longer in a position to assert themselves. Their only weapon, the strike, has been wrested from them; for the unions' funds are almost exhausted and it is obviously impossible for strikers to hold out long when one-third of the workers are looking out for jobs. Moreover, these economic factors are reinforced in favor of the industrialists by the backing they can obtain from a great political party, the National Socialists, a backing the more welcome since this party, the full name of which is the German National Socialist Labor Party, claims to be the champion of the workers' interests.

But, if Hitler does attain power, he will have the Communists as well as the industrialists to thank, because they have created a split in the work-

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ing class, which controls an absolute majority of all votes. The Berlin correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* says: 'If Germany goes Fascist, then a very large responsibility will be Moscow's.' He accuses *Pravda*, the official party organ in Moscow, of consistently exaggerating the possibility of a Fascist dictatorship:—

> The danger of a Fascist dictatorship in Germany has been exaggerated (and is exaggerated by the *Pravda*), but it certainly exists. It is equally certain that it would not exist if German Labor were united. The desire for unity is strong among both the Communist and the Socialist masses. The obstacle to unity is not the Socialist leaders but the Communist party machine and, as *Pravda* shows, Moscow.
>
> This is recognized even among the Communists, but against the dead weight of their own machine and against Muscovite domination they can do nothing. Moscow's instructions would change if it were believed that Fascist Germany would mean war with Russia, but as it might easily mean closer coöperation with Russia (and, incidentally, Lithuania) these instructions do not change.

Meanwhile, the Social Democrats support Brüning because his defeat would simply transform the present veiled dictatorship into an open one. The true aims of the Nazis, their hostility to the trade unions, their plot to engineer a *Putsch* in Hesse have alarmed both Brüning and the Socialists and thrown them into closer collaboration. Yet, when the crisis enters its next phase, it is hard to see how Brüning, with his emergency decrees that outdo even Hitler, can fail to turn to the right for support, since that has been the direction in which he has unswervingly moved.

NOT SINCE thirty years ago, when England and France nearly went to war over the Fashoda incident in the Sudan, have relations between the two countries been so strained as in recent months. 'It will no doubt shock a good many people,' says the *Week-end Review*, 'to see it baldly stated, but the fact is that we are virtually in a state of war with France, although the struggle takes on a financial and economic instead of a military form.' An editorial note in the same paper draws attention to the French technique of combining financial pressure with diplomacy:—

> On April 25, 1929, during the Paris Conference on reparations, German credits in France were abruptly and simultaneously curtailed, and the withdrawal of foreign exchange was so serious that the Reichsbank found itself drained almost to the legal minimum. Last May, during the Austro-German customs-union dispute, Vienna felt the same pressure. In July, after the Hoover Moratorium, London was confronted by a drain on sterling that was eventually to drive the pound off the gold standard. In October, when M. Laval was hoping to come to an understanding with Mr. Hoover in Washington, gold poured out of New York as fast as the strong rooms of transatlantic liners could carry it. And now, when M. Flandin and his colleagues are earnestly hoping to reach an understanding with the British Government over the anti-dumping duties, the French Minister of Finance has no sooner pointed out to us the dangers of an unstable currency than the pound drops to 13*s.* 6¾*d.* in Paris. It is truly astounding how rapidly our noble and gallant ex-Ally's warnings about the inadvisability of acting contrary to advice from Paris are invariably realized. We are almost converted to the Gallic thesis that God is a Frenchman.

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But the French have not taken this kind of criticism lying down. Such articles as 'British Secret-Service Secrets,' which appears elsewhere in this issue, reveal the hostility to England that now exists in France, and Stéphane Lauzanne, editor of *Le Matin*, has accused the British of trying to force the United States off the gold standard:—

> Little cleverly edited notes published in the English newspapers insinuated that the dollar would soon follow the pound. Moreover, the United States was said to be hoping for an early excuse to abandon the gold standard. Therefore, in September, when good, naïve Frenchmen read in their financial journals that the London market was convinced that America was about to abandon the gold standard, some of them began selling their dollars. For it is characteristic of most good Frenchmen that they always suspect England and always fall into its traps.
>
> London ordered the attack on the dollar, furnished the ammunition for assault, and sustained the combat, but, since London owns the telegraph wires, it made New York believe that Paris was doing the fighting. Hence New York's animosity against Paris, while London rubs its hands with glee.

MORE sober critics on both sides of the Channel are less excited. The trouble with France at the moment is that she has been suffering for some years from a rising scale of prices. When the franc was stabilized in 1928 French prices were 20 per cent below gold prices in other countries. The consequence was that the new industries France had built up or acquired since the War enjoyed great prosperity at a time when other nations were already beginning to feel the present slump. Whereas there was a difference of about 22 per cent between French and American prices in 1928, by 1931 French prices had risen and American prices had dropped to such a point that France lost what advantages she once enjoyed. The London *Statist* sums the matter up in these words:—

> The situation in France, then, is that the greater industrial aspect of her economic life, while it was advantageous to her in the stabilization boom, is a heavy burden now that price levels have been readjusted. Doubtless, this tendency is responsible, to a large extent, for French policy. Colonial development, which is the regular line for countries with new industries faced with difficulties to follow, is being pushed vigorously in France with the aim of securing raw materials and finding markets. Similarly, the European 'hegemony' may be interpreted as an attempt to secure trading centres and guaranteed outlets for long-term capital. Above all, 'security' in the form of the maintenance of the Treaty of Versailles is necessary, because it keeps in check an awkward competitor, and this last factor is responsible for the stubborn attitude adopted toward other European interests. In these circumstances, the high tariff policy followed by France is only part of the general tendency of countries in this stage of development, and the recent surtax on certain imports is merely a symptom. The present situation and policy of France cannot fail to suggest an analogy with pre-war Germany in many respects, and, if the analogy is a true one, history should be sufficient to induce a more reasonable spirit of international coöperation.

ITALY'S National Council of Corporations has taken two steps to reorganize the country's industrial and financial structure. The Banca

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Commerciale Italiana—or Comit—has divested itself of large holdings of industrial securities that have been taken over by a new body known as the Instituto Mobiliare Italiano. In 1927 the Comit declared in one of its reports that 'the time is approaching when it will again be possible to draw the line between credit institutes and productive enterprises, when bankers will be able to attend to banking to the exclusion of other activities and manufacturers will cease from acting also as financiers.' The stabilization of the lira necessitated a pause, but now the policy outlined above has been put into effect. The newly formed Instituto with a statutory capital of at least half a billion lire will make loans to private institutions for a period not exceeding ten years on the security of the stocks and debentures of the borrower. It will accept no savings deposits or checking accounts. The Government is authorized to guarantee the securities of the Instituto when they are issued for a purpose that the Cabinet has indorsed as being of exceptional public importance. The ministers of finance and corporations are to be members of the board of directors and will also recommend candidates for the offices of president and vice president, which are filled by royal appointment. The Instituto was not created for the sole purpose of taking over the frozen assets of the Comit. Its creation had been planned some time in advance and its capital stock was oversubscribed by fifty million lire. It has of course been pointed out that the Instituto is not an emergency relief station for ailing businesses.

SPAIN is not likely to have a personal dictatorship for some time, as the present bloc in power, composed of three large moderate Socialist groups, is large enough to function through a real parliamentary régime, which will probably have the support of the people. The contradictions between the various elements represented in the Cortes have not really come to the surface, especially since the openly reactionary groups, the clericals, have been discredited. As the Socialist trade unions are represented in the cabinet by Largo Caballero, minister of labor, revolutionary labor action has been left to the Syndicalists, and so far the Civil Guard has been able to cope with this element in the numerous strikes that have occurred since the Revolution. If, however, labor disorders become so serious that the socialistic parties cannot control them, it is possible that a conservative party with more or less Fascist tendencies, such as was recently founded by Ortega y Gasset, might come into power, but any party in Spain to-day must at least pretend to have proletarian sympathies if it wishes to find wide support.

THE SOFIA correspondent of the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten* indorses the thesis of Hans Zehrer's article, 'The Bolshevized Balkans,' that appeared in our last month's issue. He found Communism especially prevalent in Bulgaria, where the intellectual classes can secure no employ-

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ment and have therefore resorted to revolutionary activities, especially among the peasants. A so-called 'Labor Party' has been organized which won thirty-two seats in a Parliament with one hundred and fifty members and received 54,000 votes at the polls. Recent arrests indicate that Moscow is regularly supplying funds and that a courier service is being maintained between the Russian and Bulgarian capitals. Greece, which has no Socialist party, has a workers' and peasants' group with many supporters among the laborers in the tobacco fields and among the longshoremen of Salonika, Patras, and the Piræus. In Rumania the Communist peril is more foreign than domestic on account of Bessarabia, which Russia will continue to claim unless Poland and France can persuade the Soviet Union to make a nonaggression pact with Rumania recognizing the present frontier. In Yugoslavia the Croats and Slovenes have such a hatred of the Serbian dictatorship that the Communists cannot make much headway, but the possibility of violence is no less acute on that account. Here are the disturbing conclusions that the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten's* correspondent draws:—

> It makes relatively little difference to Europe whether or not the radicalized masses of Balkan peasants really have Bolshevistic aims. It is enough that they represent an element of unrest and disorder that may spread at any moment. Is it really impossible that this moment will actually come, and perhaps come soon? Let us not deceive ourselves on this point. The flight from the world economic system that every nation is now engaged in merely intensifies the crisis. Trade in the Balkans is steadily decreasing, and if these states refuse to buy any more goods from abroad they will not be able to export goods. The consequences on craftsmen and industrial workers and on the peasants cannot be painted in sufficiently dark colors.

WRITING from Tirana, the capital of Albania, William Martin, foreign editor of the *Journal de Genève*, gives a brief account of that nation's recent progress. He describes the land as a whole as being a small-sized California with a capital like Angora. The chief question that faces Albania is whether to maintain its independence in comparative poverty or to surrender some privileges in return for foreign aid. King Zog, or Zogu, the latter being a patronymic meaning 'the son of Zog,' at last possesses real power. Originally installed as an Italian puppet, he has established himself firmly enough to have allowed the Tirana Pact with Italy to lapse. According to M. Martin, such a thing was possible chiefly because Italy is too busy elsewhere to interfere in Albanian affairs any more. At present Albania's greatest need is to have its malaria-infested swamps drained and transformed into irrigated farming country. There are also oil reserves that might be exploited. However, with the present overproduction of foodstuffs and petroleum, foreign capital is unlikely to exploit Albania's unknown and untapped reserves of natural wealth.

THE LAST session of the Central Executive Committee of the Soviet Union, occurring at the close of 1931, gave the leaders of Russia an opportu-

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nity to proclaim their country's achievements. President Molotov of the Council of People's Commissars declared that Soviet industry as a whole has up to now kept ahead of the schedule laid down in the Five-Year Plan. Speaking of the opening of twenty-four new blast furnaces, he said: 'We had thought to put into operation as many new furnaces in Russia as were abandoned in capitalist countries. It appears, however, that already in 1931 we have been outstripped, the United States this year having ceased operating 29 furnaces, England 22, and Germany 21.' In agriculture the Plan will collectivize all the basic grain districts in four years instead of five, in fact Molotov prophesied that the whole Plan would be completed a year ahead of schedule. But as soon as it is finished another Five-Year Plan will be inaugurated, concentrating on quality, lower production costs, and greater output per individual worker. The purpose of this new Plan has been summed up as follows by the official Communist Party organ in Moscow: 'The Soviet Union is the basis of world revolution. If the success of our first Five-Year Plan has aroused the greatest enthusiasm, if the proletarian masses are in a state of revolt and if their power in the struggle against capitalism has been multiplied ten times over—what a mighty revolutionary influence our second Five-Year Plan will exert.' In other words, the Russian Communists have by no means given up the struggle for world revolution. Their present tactics are to arouse the sympathy of the oppressed classes in other countries by emphasizing the progress made in Russia. Furthermore, this sympathy for the Five-Year Plan among the European masses constitutes one of Russia's chief guarantees against foreign aggression.

WRITING from Mukden, a correspondent of the *China Weekly Review* who signs himself 'A. A. R.' points out that Russia cannot possibly fight Japan for some time to come. He gives four reasons:—

> First, Russia is not prepared for war with any first-class military power, and, if she were to be dragged into such a war, she would unquestionably be defeated in the long run; secondly, the Communist Party, which rules over Russia, believes that siding with China in the struggle against Japan would mean aiding the Chinese generals and bourgeoisie, in other words, its own enemies; thirdly, any defeat of the Red Army would mean the end of the Communist dictatorship in Russia; fourthly, Manchuria is not Russian territory and it would not be proper to imperil the Party for the sake of an alien land and people. However, they—the Reds—feel the injustice and danger of the free play of the Japanese in Manchuria.

Discussing these reasons in greater detail, the writer points out that Japan can put an army of 200,000 men into any part of Manchuria within a week, thanks to her naval transports and to the double-track South Manchuria Railway. It would take Russia, on the other hand, much longer to mass even a fraction of her standing army of 600,000 in the Far East, because the Trans-Siberian Railway is a single-track line. Then there is a shortage of goods in Russia, which is a fine thing as far as unemployment is

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concerned but which makes any war with a major power out of the question. 'A. A. R.' even goes so far as to state that, if Japan violates Russia's rights on the Chinese Eastern Railway, the Russians cannot fight back. But these calculations hold good only at the present time. Five or ten years hence the picture may be quite different—which partially accounts for the zeal of the Japanese right now.

THE STIFFENING of British rule in India, signalized by the Bengal Ordinances sanctioning arrests without warrants and acceptance of secret testimony, indicates that a point was reached at which the interests of the Empire were vitally threatened. Gandhi, who was hailed three months ago as a spiritual leader by the more liberal section of the British press, is now being criticized on all hands for failing to reach any kind of agreement during his London visit and for giving the signal for civil war the moment he returned home. But the Congress Party may live to regret its importunate action since it must reckon eventually on the opposition of sixty million Untouchables and seventy million Mohammedans. Also, its own ranks are divided, the younger men opposing Gandhi's policy of nonviolence. At present the future looks hopeless, and Ayi Tendulkar's remarkable 'Farewell to India' probably does not overstate the Indian side of the case. But the London press has maintained an air of serenity that leads one to suspect that the consequences may not be so dreadful after all. British representatives to the Round-Table Conference should now be on their way to India to carry their negotiations further, and the outburst that greeted Gandhi does not mean that the worst is yet to come. As the London *Times* puts it, 'the agitation has lately run riot largely because a number of politicians and agitators want the Conference to fail.' Hence the prompt and drastic action on the part of the British authorities. If and when it becomes more evident that England is in earnest about surrendering a measure of control to the natives, some of the local politicians should be attracted away from the hazards of revolution by the rewards of office.

WHAT will the Moslems of India do in the event of an upheaval in their part of the world? The recent history of the Pan-Islamic movement suggests two possible answers. The type of Western mind that is excited by the 'yellow peril,' the 'rising tide of color,' and the 'Jewish hidden hand' has created the bogy of Pan-Islam, a largely imaginative movement that is supposedly able to throw the Westerner out of Asia and North Africa at a moment's notice. Actually, Pan-Islam is a purely defensive affair directed not only against the West but against other Oriental groups. The world of Islam, extending from the Adriatic to the Pacific, is most active along its fringe, where the Moslems are in a minority. Turkey, on the other hand, where the Moslems are in the saddle, has abolished the caliphate and has substituted the religion of nationalism for the religion of Mohammed. The

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Indian Moslems stand undecided between these two faiths. They have the choice of maintaining religious solidarity with their fellow Moslems outside India, using this support from abroad as a counterweight to the Hindus, or they can trust in their own strength to maintain themselves against a Hindu majority. Now that the religious impulse has weakened all over the world and the national impulse has gained in force, the latter course seems the more probable.

AUSTRALIA'S general election did not exactly parallel that of Great Britain. Although Premier Scullin of the moderate Labor group went down to defeat almost as ignominiously as his British counterpart, Arthur Henderson, the extremist wing of Australian Labor made a gain. The new Premier, Mr. Lyons, is, like Mr. MacDonald, a renegade from Labor ranks and he will not repudiate the foreign debt or nationalize the nation's banking system as Mr. Lang had promised to do. He will be guided by the Niemeyer Report of two years ago, which criticized Australia's wholesale borrowings, and he is likely to enter into some kind of tariff agreement with the mother country. Australia is gradually learning that its seven million inhabitants cannot maintain a self-sufficient economic system behind insuperable tariff walls. Foreign manufactured goods must be accepted in exchange for raw materials, chiefly wool and wheat, and the British now have an opportunity to extend their markets by a preferential tariff system of Empire free trade.

THE PARALLEL between Imperial Germany and Imperial Japan becomes alarmingly close, and the only reason that the invasion of Manchuria did not at once lead to universal war, as the invasion of Belgium did, was that no vital interest of any great power was immediately threatened. But when Japanese troops approached the Great Wall, Secretary Stimson invoked the Nine-Power Pact, because beyond that point the rights of other foreign powers are directly involved. Also, unless Japan can be confined to Manchuria, which the other powers have no objection to her exploiting provided they can have the rest of China, her military clique may meet the same fate that befell the military clique in Germany. Not only does Japan run the risk of biting off more than she can chew if she extends her campaign beyond Manchuria, but she would soon face domestic troubles because a campaign directed against the whole of China would mean tremendous expenditures and tremendous abuses of power by a small group of militarists at a time when the country is being transformed by social and industrial changes. The *China Weekly Review* comments as follows in this connection:—

> It may be safely predicted that financially, and that is what is going to count, the military invasion of Japan is going to be a great failure. It may be financially profitable for the feudal barons, but it is going to be highly expensive for the Japa-

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nese taxpayers, and in due course, when the downtrodden Japanese masses learn how their feudal barons have been exploiting them, they will do what the German masses did in 1918—overthrow the whole archaic monarchical system and fall into line with the modern idea of a 'government of the people, by the people, and for the people.'

That responsible Japanese seriously entertain ambitions of world conquest is proved by a plan submitted by General Honjo, commander of all the troops in Manchuria, to the minister of war. General Honjo, whose influence on Japanese policy is bound to increase as his military successes continue, wrote as follows:—

The renaissance of China, the continuous existence of 'Red' Russia, and the advance by the United States across the Pacific Ocean are all anathemas against the national policy of our Empire. But, in order to be able to prevent the advance of American influence in the Orient, we must first consolidate our national defenses on the land and attain a position of independence as far as material supplies are concerned. Therefore, before declaring war on America, we must strive to gain a superior position for our military strength both in China and in Russia. We must aim to cripple China and Russia once for all; or, in case we should be unable to destroy their power entirely, we must at least reduce them to temporary impotency so that they would not be able for some time to attack us or to regain their feet. Our Empire would thus be enabled to seize hold of vast quantities of rich natural resources in our newly occupied lands. When profitably applied, they could be the means of strengthening our sea defenses, and driving American influence east of Hawaii. Then there could be no question at all but that the Philippine Islands would fall into our control. We could then be the sole master on the Pacific and nobody would be in a position to compete with us or to make a protest.

The *Week-end Review* of London urges intervention now to forestall worse troubles later:—

Japan's present action in Manchuria corresponds in time and weight to Germany's demonstration at Agadir. Even apologists for the policy of acquiescence insist that a frightful war for Manchuria is inevitable sooner or later. What they mean is that failure to intervene now is ensuring the inevitability.

Both the European and the Far Eastern press give the impression that the French are encouraging the Japanese occupation of Manchuria in the hope that it will lead to the ultimate destruction, by war, of Soviet Russia. Briand, whose scheme for a European federation was as much anti-Russian as it was pro-French, is accused of having attempted to conceal his real motives by protesting at once against Japan's course and then carefully refraining from doing anything that might have made his protests effective. Certainly it is significant that the new Japanese foreign minister, Yoshizawa, former ambassador to France, who laid his country's case before the League, was decorated with the French Legion of Honor just before he returned home.

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The editors of two distinguished London weeklies look into the future. J. L. Garvin devotes himself to practical politics; the *New Statesman's* editor demands a new economic and social order.

England Points the WAY

By Two London Editors

I. The Way Out

By J. L. Garvin

From the *Observer*, London Conservative Sunday Paper

WE HAVE often expressed our admiration for the great Cavalier chaplain who wrote *Good Thoughts in Bad Times*. Old Fuller's text just now is well worth the world's remembrance, and we may try to show how it applies. Cheerfulness in trouble is the soundest part of human discipline. Some enviable beings have it naturally. The rest of us are apt to fall short, in spite of ourselves, when fate or fortune strikes the hardest; or, again, on those familiar occasions when life seems not so much 'one damned thing after another,' as 'every damned thing at once.' For most people, quite indomitable cheerfulness is a quality that requires daily thought and practice, but, given these, we can do wonders with ourselves.

It is true that human history is an alternation of good times and bad. And true, after all, that when things are at their worst they begin to mend.

For the last few years we have been less inclined to encourage foolish complacency about economic facts than to warn the nation continually against it. We cannot be accused of habitual false optimism when we venture to state our belief that the very worst will be over within a few months from now, and that there is hope in the heart of things.

We are well aware of all the circumstances that may well make this judgment seem a hardy opinion. The New Year is bound to open sternly for all the world. Afterward, the complex politico-financial discussions in which France, Germany, Britain, and the United States are chiefly concerned may come to a very critical and stubborn phase. Until the inseparable difficulties of debts and reparations are thoroughly solved and removed there can be no final cure for the uncertainty and apprehension that are everywhere the worst enemies of world revival. But neither the French nor American Gov-

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ernment officially admits that it is yet prepared to seek finality. The chronic crisis since last June, when Germany was forced to suspend her foreign payments, is in no way relieved, but is in some respects aggravated.

We admit all this to the full. Yet in spite of it, we adhere to our view that the whole world's necessity within the next five months will bring about the beginnings of a decisive international improvement.

The key of the situation lies in Germany and nowhere else. British trials and hardships, heavy as they may be, are nothing in most respects to those now pressing on the German people. They are passing through a grim winter in circumstances that might well drive a less disciplined and virile race to stark desperation. No people in Europe to-day is more worthy of the sympathy and friendship of other nations; and no government existing deserves more respect than Dr. Brüning's. Faced among all living statesmen by the harshest and most perilous task, the present German Chancellor has shown the true stuff of capable heroism. The grand old man, President Hindenburg, is as truly the 'father of his country' as Washington. Without him the position would have become impossible.

Pessimistic speculation dwells upon the possibility of chaos in Germany—even of civil war. We are satisfied that there is no fear of it. Let us distinguish between the political and the economic aspects and take the former first.

Herr Hitler on December 3 alarmed the world, and especially the United States, by his explosive interview with British and American journalists. He seemed to suggest that the 'Nazis' might seize power at any moment. His more inflammatory followers proclaimed that defiance of France would follow. Chancellor Brüning replied without hesitation that any attempt at revolution would be crushed by constitutional dictatorship. President Hindenburg's support and authority are the guarantee that this strong warning would be made good at need. No one must underestimate Herr Hitler. He is passionately sincere. When he revolts from the subjection of his country under the Treaty of Versailles he speaks for the inextinguishable soul of Germany. By violence in the temper of civil war he would repel utterly the British, American, and other sympathies that would be attracted and strengthened by courses more moderate in method, however determined in spirit. A good poacher makes a good gamekeeper. Potent agitators must become either responsible statesmen or burst bubbles. The 'Nazis' at no distant date may reinforce the Government of the Reich by entering on constitutional terms. It is life and death for German interests to maintain political order and stability during the next six months. It will be done.

This presumption does not mitigate from any point of view the gravity of the economic situation. In early December Dr. Brüning issued another of his famous and rigorous decrees. It is the most drastic ukase in an unsparing series. Following other successive decreases, the further reductions of wages and salaries cut now to the bone. On the other hand, prices, rents, interest charges of all kinds are forced down. In a very different spirit and with quite another purpose—National, not Communist—the methods of Soviet Russia are temporarily but unflinchingly applied to the control of daily life and habit. We may say without exaggeration that the German people, over 65,000,000 of them, have been placed under the economic equivalent of extreme martial law. This is the last word of contrivance and endurance. On these lines Germany can do no more.

From now forward the question is what the other powers are going to do

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in their own interest. Whether we like it or not, there is no other practical ground of appeal or argument. No power will make a sacrifice not shared by the others. France is the principal 'political creditor.' America and Britain, as the principal 'commercial creditors,' are in a very different and more ironic or even ludicrous position. On ordinary business security, as they supposed, they made large loans to post-war Germany for rebuilding and development. At present they cannot get back their money, which they never would have lent could they have foreseen the sequel.

Their credits, meant to be recoverable at their early convenience, are hopelessly 'frozen' now and for the near future—to the particular and heavy embarrassment of London. By themselves America and Britain cannot liquefy their claims. On the other hand, their money for years has been largely used by Germany to pay reparations to France. Otherwise, the whole crazy system of financial cross-purposes since the War would have broken down long ago. The egregious deadlock to which all the four nations chiefly concerned—the ex-enemy, two ex-allies, and their ex-associate—have come at last is one of the great tragi-farcical episodes of all history.

America desires that France shall take the lead, at least in the first stage of a tenacious and protracted negotiation. This wish may be wise. No one is concerned to dispute it. French policy until two months ago threatened to be altogether impracticable. Since then the situation has been deeply changed. It is useless to ask from the Reich in return for financial aid formal terms of political capitulation or humiliation such as no German government could accept and live. This method could lead only to passive resistance by Germany at any cost, and to a serious alienation of civilized sympathies from France. On that head, by now, statesmanship across the Channel is probably under no deception.

The real French programme insists on three things. First, Germany shall resume the payment of reparations to some extent as soon as her conditions sufficiently improve. Secondly, commercial debts owing to America and Britain shall have no priority, although they represent solid money lent under post-war conditions by the unfortunate English-speaking creditors. Thirdly, any permanent reduction of reparations shall be accompanied by an equal reduction of war debts. Chiefly addressed to Washington, the last condition is reasonable, and almost certainly it is the key to the solution, or at least mitigation, of the whole problem.

On the basis of the impossible treaties and the subsequent agreements, moderated but still injurious, the French claim to some degree of prolonged tribute from Germany is theoretically strong. Practically it is weak. It becomes weaker year by year. Nothing on earth can prevent its collapse before the world is very much older.

Without the flow of American and British commercial loans to Germany, the latter could not have paid reparations to France. So far, Germany has not paid them. America and Britain have paid them in addition to remitting a vast part of the original French debts. Fact is not only stranger than fiction; it may be far more quizzical. Unless the American and British creditors are repaid within some reasonable, even if lengthened, period, and unless a far stronger presumption of future security can be established, there will be no more loans to Germany and no possibility of reparations for France.

THE sure way out is through the total cancellation of war debts and

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reparations. It is now the only sure way and the only sane way. But whether it is taken or not depends upon the United States; and the action of America depends upon whether Mr. Hoover, like Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Dr. Brüning, is prepared to give his political life to have it. Nothing else will serve but that decisive greatness of personal leadership to which the American people have never yet failed to respond. In immense emergencies, intermediate courses such as seem safer in ordinary times are no longer so. They arouse all the usual opposition, yet cannot kindle that moral enthusiasm of a people which all representative legislatures must obey.

President Hoover in his messages to an unfriendly Congress foreshadowed the unavoidable extension of his year's moratorium to Germany. But like France—though for very different reasons—he seems to maintain the principle of war debts, and therefore of reparations, indefinitely continued. We well understand this, at the present initial stage, as a negotiating position not to be prematurely surrendered by any wise American statesman dealing with European conditions as they are. Yet Mr. Hoover's only way now to imperishable honor and fame in American history and world history leads toward his appeal to America to stand for a total removal from 'the business and bosoms' of mankind of war debts and war reparations together. Even the political effect in the United States might be immediately triumphant. If not, a world's deliverance at a second remove would be forever connected with the President's name.

Every year adds to the millions and millions of citizens in the Reich who were children or little more in 1914; and generally it is absurd to suggest that the mass of the people in that country to-day have any moral responsibility whatever for the War. Again, it is no use giving oxygen to Germany when she is prostrate and strangling her again when she revives; and dealing with her as, in the days of early travelers, the Abyssinians used to deal with their cattle—cutting a steak from the living animal, patching up the wound, and soon taking a slice from another quarter.

Amid the confusion and recrimination between American parties and sections to-day no more can be confidently expected than that the Hoover Moratorium will be prolonged for another year. But even that would improve the atmosphere and give time for thought to mature on the larger question. Will the President suggest a historic offer in connection with the Disarmament Conference? A step of this kind would seem to be the likeliest way, and, indeed, the only way of advancing memorably the cause he has most at heart, and of saving the Conference from nullity.

In any case, the collapse of Germany must be and will be prevented. France, now that some 'golden years' of unique advantage are over and cannot return, will have to concentrate, in her own interest, on sound and friendly economic relations with her neighbor. It is not at all impossible that French statesmanship by a master stroke may decide to lead the movement for wiping out war debts and reparations alike. Britain has all the resources required to put herself on a more solid business foundation than she has known for decades past. No series of economic earthquake shocks such as those which have shaken the world in 1931 can recur this year. The same buildings cannot fall twice.

Then what of the fundamental interest of America? It is true that the United States, with its magnificent range of natural resources, is more nearly self-contained than any other great society, and, if material factors

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alone counted, might achieve single-handed a revival of prosperity. But, in spite of this degree of material independence, the American people cannot get off the planet or escape the moral effect of the general human atmosphere. The psychological effect of that factor has hitherto proved decisive. In times of peace throughout the last half century American business has been always most buoyant when the trend of world trade was upward and the general spirit of mankind was most confident and sanguine.

With every other conceivable gift of fortune and ability at their disposal, the American people have been cutting their own throats with a golden razor.

British thought on these lines cannot be suspected of pursuing any selfish interest, for no change with respect to war debts and reparations can give any relative advantage over other nations to this country, which at the same time has been America's best customer in trade and best payer in every way. We are convinced that, as often before, general adversity will be the mother of a new wisdom; that though 1932 must open sternly it will end far better; and that the international movement, even in the next four or five months, will herald the approach of world revival.

II. The Economics of Glut

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

MR. H. G. WELLS ends his new book, *What Are We to Do with Our Lives?*, with the remark that 'a time will come when men will sit with history before them or with some old newspaper before them and ask incredulously: "Was there ever such a world?"' Perhaps that time, when our present muddle will seem too fantastic ever to have existed, will come much sooner than we now dare to hope. For capitalism has done its work. It has solved the problem of production. Where unaided nature produced an ear of corn, we produce a thousand; machinery now accomplishes with a dozen hands what a thousand could not accomplish in the past. How long shall we be in solving the problem of distribution as we have solved that of production? Is it too optimistic to hope that in a century from now we shall have decided to use the goods we can produce so abundantly for the equal satisfaction of human needs?

Our extraordinary technical success is disguised to-day by our no less extraordinary failure to make sane use of it. We have succeeded beyond the wildest dreams of the Utopians in minimizing the amount of necessary labor.

The result is the very thing we have aimed at—leisure, or, as we call it, unemployment. So grotesquely have we failed in the task of distribution and so tragically have we neglected the art of living—in distinction from the art of making a living—that this prodigious addition to the leisure of mankind is considered a monstrous evil, a 'disease' to be cured by setting men to work. And in present conditions a monstrous evil it is. Yet unemployment is the ripe fruit of all the inventions of the last century, the object and the justification of every application of science to industry and agriculture. We are even on the way to removing the obstacle that economists used to think insuperable. Population, they thought, would always increase faster than production, so that we were doomed to eternal poverty. To-day that devil, too, is in chains. Civilized peoples produce faster than they propagate. We have escaped

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the old dilemma of the niggardliness of nature and the fecundity of man.

We can imagine the economist of a century ago hobnobbing with Mr. Wells's Utopian observer. They would agree that the unbelievable thing about the twentieth century was that, having solved the infinitely complex technical problems of production, we yet continued to throw away all the benefits of our own cleverness by the fantastic muddle of our social and national organization. How could there ever be a time when men habitually destroyed the goods they produced because they would not permit those who wanted them to have the purchasing power to pay for them? How could we continue to allow exchange to depend on the distribution of a metal that creditor nations could lock up, with the result of impoverishing both themselves and their debtors? Is it possible, they would say, that the United States should really have preferred the payment (or the title to the payment) of sums of money to the actual benefits of giving and receiving goods? And what would they say of Brazil's solemnly taking thousands of bags of coffee into a secluded valley and burning them or, as an alternative, pressing them into briquettes as engine fuel, to cotton growers' ploughing their crops into the soil, to rubber planters' rejoicing in the discovery of a new pest?

THE very oddest spectacle of all is presented by the economists, the doctors whom we are supposed to consult for guidance in these complex matters. The more orthodox of them—especially those who most fully recognize the folly of economic nationalism—seem to have turned away from any fruitful effort to consider the problem of this abundance. They have never tackled the economics of glut. Their economic theory remains rooted in the old assumptions of the niggardliness of nature and the competitive nature of man. But is man necessarily competitive once there is enough to go round? Their laws of supply and demand are simple irrelevances in a world of overproduction. Some of the worthiest and ablest of them, judged as abstract thinkers, have returned to the completely *laissez-faire* view of a century ago. Their remedy is to leave the economic system alone; to let prices and values fall to rock bottom; to burn the surplus stocks of goods and then wait for the emergence of a new price level. Once it has been found, private profits, they argue, will again be made and the normal round of demand and supply, of slump and boom, of crisis and overinvestment, overwork and unemployment, will begin once again.

That is, of course, one possibility. It entails a plunge into incredible depths of want in order to capture an elusive, perhaps a purely imaginary, 'equilibrium.' That is why most nations are driven to the only less extreme folly of overtaxing their citizens in order to construct a tariff wall of segregation. For, in the last resort, the English trader will always go down before the Pole, the Pole before the Japanese, the Japanese before the Chinese, until, presumably, the world equilibrium is reached at the stage of a Chinaman with a bowl of rice or an Indian cotton hand in a loin-cloth.

Deflation and economy are a remedy for bad times if the bad times are due to shortage. If we were in a siege or a famine we should have to tighten our belts and wait for better times. But why, when there is overproduction, should we artificially make a shortage? Why not face the necessity for a new economics, the economics of glut?

When the economists do face it they will be forced to one general conclusion, however widely they may differ about its application. They will have to go far

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beyond their present denunciations of the follies of tariff barriers. They will have to go beyond the point of admitting that a new generation cannot forever be bound in the fetters of old indebtedness. They will have to agree that the only sane way of using the immense new wealth that modern science and machinery now offer is deliberately to organize its production and its distribution, not according to a theory of marginal profits, but according to human needs. They can call themselves socialists or not as they please—it will not matter. They will have innumerable tasks of organization to explore, and among them they will find it necessary to evolve a new basis of exchange; they may find gold a less suitable basis than a scientific price index. If they abandon their self-imposed task of explaining why we must all be poor in the midst of plenty and set to work to tell us how to make use of our wealth, they will find themselves, for the first time, speaking with real authority, respected as indispensable experts by common people who need their knowledge. If they do not soon tackle their task, all the cranks and the inadequately trained people will do it for them. In which case we shall have another horrible mess.

It will in any case be done, if only because the spectacle of Russia attempting it at a price and by methods that no sane person would think desirable or necessary in the West is too humiliating for countries that have far greater skill and a far superior foundation on which to build. It will certainly be done, because the human animal, stupid and individualistic as he is, will not be bamboozled forever. When he is driven too hard he will kick, and unless the economists turn their minds to the real problems of organization they may find the world they theorize about kicked away for a fraud—which would be an excellent thing if there were not a grave danger that the new civilization which could take its place might be kicked away too. Why not begin by recognizing that we are really marvelously well off? Why not begin to study the economics of glut?

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India is the subject of the first two articles in this group; Japan, China, and Russia figure in the second pair. All four are strictly first-hand reports.

ORIENTAL Miscellany

AN ORIENTAL SYMPOSIUM

I. FAREWELL TO INDIA

By AYI TENDULKAR

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin Liberal Daily

ONE last parting look at India, one last farewell. The Bombay coast gradually fades from view and finally disappears. For two hours I can still see it on the distant horizon until it becomes a vague, wavering line separating the Indian heaven from the measureless surface of the Arabian Sea. In spite of the fresh west wind, thick fog surrounds us and veils our vision. The splendid steamship, *Genova*, of the Maritima Italiana Line is heading full speed for Europe. It leaves a white line of foam on the waves behind it. Black clouds of smoke float above our heads. The vibration of the propeller under the rear deck reverberates in our ears, and the lighthouse of Alibag flashes its warning every two minutes.

My heart is sad at leaving India. Memories crowd my mind of people I met last year, wavering figures, strange and compelling, old faces and young, many of them enthusiastic, though behind their enthusiasm profound despair often lurked. I saw in my mind's eye scorched, barren plains, wide deserts, shimmering in the heat and crying out for water. I saw new fields of rice half immersed in green water as the young shoots of the plants waved in the wind. I saw fields of ripening rice with yellow ears spread out like a carpet in the rays of the evening sun. Then I remembered lively street scenes, noisy, brilliant markets and bazaars from the Arabian Nights, and, finally, the superb monuments to India's glorious past.

Pictures and memories fascinated me and called me back. Once again I tried to discern India as it disappeared behind me. But in the distance I could see only the wavering line where the Indian heaven touched the measureless surface of the Arabian Sea.

I went to India a year ago as a newspaper correspondent. I found the country in confusion. Gandhi was leading the protest against the British Government. The Indian National Congress announced its programme of civil dis-

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obedience and the masses obeyed. The purpose of the movement was to make India independent. Some of the rebellious manifestations such as the demand for the repeal of the salt tax and Gandhi's march to the sea seemed so original that they caught the imagination of Europe and provided the most brilliant propaganda for Gandhi, assuring him of sympathy throughout the world. They left an impression far out of proportion to their real historic significance. The capricious, immeasurable burst of world-wide sympathy that followed Gandhi on his march a year ago has now subsided. Nobody has had the time or the desire to follow his dubious efforts in London, where he has been trying to win political concessions from the English.

Let me state here and now that India's continued policy of resistance has not brought the Indian problem closer to its solution. The inner conflicts of India have not been reconciled, and control of India remains as securely as ever in British hands. Although these facts are visible for all to see, Gandhi's independence movement has produced some important results. At present every movement in the Orient has great significance because it is always a step in the same direction. It always means that European domination of the Orient will unquestionably come to an end some day. And I state this with a conviction based on observation of the facts.

The end of British rule in India is perhaps the most immediate Indian problem, but it is certainly not the most important one. How will the country preserve, as well as attain, its independence? Toward what end and with what means will this independence be maintained? What elements will support it and what kind of government? What ideas will lead India to its destiny? These were the questions I asked myself, and I found it hard to give an optimistic answer in the light of what Gandhi has accomplished.

I lived in the wildest whirlpool of the independence movement. I saw everything there was to be seen. But the proclamation of civil disobedience was nothing new. It was only a revised edition of Gandhi's passive-resistance movement of 1922. The same 1922 leaders whom I knew intimately also lead the present movement. Not only was I able to observe them when they were speaking in public, but I met them privately. Gandhi's personality and his influence on the masses were no mystery to me. I found nothing exotic in the flowing robes, brown, melancholy faces, and long, thin hands of the Indians because I myself am an Indian with a beautiful, brown skin and a flat, wide nose, and my eyes view this strange world with the deep sorrow typical of India.

I did not want to make things appear more cheerful than they really are. My sole desire was to portray India as I saw it, to relate the impressions that the country made on me after I had spent eight years developing myself in another country and receiving its influences. My dispatches to the *Berliner Tageblatt* made many enemies for me in my Indian circles. My reports did not please Gandhi's followers, nor did they find favorable echoes among the extreme Nationalists. I was often accused of having invidious motives, while those of my critics who were personal friends of mine held my newspaper responsible for my political attitude. As a matter of fact, the editorial staff of this important journal had to overcome a good many prejudices before it could allow an Indian to write about India, but after it had made this brave decision I was given every assurance that I could write as I pleased without any kind of influence. I alone am therefore entirely responsible for everything that I have written,

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and I would not alter a single line of it or strike out a single word.

I DO not sympathize with modern India. I found there nothing that could make a powerful impression on me, nothing that could capture my enthusiasm or give me any hope, and, God knows, I wanted to hope and to be enthusiastic.

During my year in India I had plenty of opportunities to explore the greatness of India at first hand. Frequently my heart contracted within me and I felt a kind of pleasure so keen that it was almost pain. But it always arose from some contact with the old, eternal India. A temple in the South where all the ancient art of the Dravidians went into fashioning a single feature of a face or one earring of a goddess made me quiver from head to foot. Nothing could have had a more profound effect on me than my journey along the Ganges near Patna; nothing could have been more beautiful than a fresco painting in Ajanta. When I witnessed excavations in Taxila of houses, streets, temples, and monasteries two thousand years old, I felt as if I myself had been buried and had turned to dust beneath the soil. But this was the only way in which I could feel the greatness of my native land. And I had the feeling that fate was making sport of this wretched country.

Gandhi may be the most ethical man in the world; Europe may be right in prostrating itself at his feet, but such things mean little to me. I can only see my poor country being mocked by a contemptuous destiny for trying to model itself on Europe, for believing that it is fighting for an industrial future when it is actually being led by a man who believes that India's golden age lies in the past. I can only see the tremendous confusion that prevails throughout all Indian public life, the reverence for superficial virtues, the self-conscious pacifism similar to the Quakers', the fascination exercised by mysterious spiritual forces and divine revelations. And I can see that all these forces are being encouraged by the leadership of the most admirable Mahatma, and it is this that sickens me.

Oh, divine Siva, and you his fellow gods, splendid creations of the Indian imagination, I thought I really heard you laughing one Sunday in Bombay as I watched Indian women dressed in Parisian clothes parading on Congress Square. Over their flowing native garments they wore jackets of the cheapest European cut and greeted the national emblem, whose colors have been a subject of dispute all over India, with the Mussolini salute. They sang songs *à la* Gandhi in which they announced that they would conquer the world with love. This mixture of coarse vulgarity and obviously superimposed ethics estranged me from modern India.

But let me make one thing clear. I have not called enough attention to the poor, starved, fatalistic, cruel, distrustful, proud, pure-blooded Indian peasant and his world of thoughts and feelings. Unexplored, unforeseen, and unforeseeable possibilities reside in the Indian peasant. The key to India's future is in his hands alone.

The Hindu and Mohammedan princes and the English rulers all amount to nothing compared with the peasant. He is the rock on which the whole world of India has developed. His overlords have shown no understanding of his life and efforts. They have not shared in his misery. The Hindus have spread their fantastic religion among the peasants. The Mohammedans have built magnificent palaces. The English have sold Lancashire textiles. All three groups have weighed the peasant down with heavy taxes.

I came to know the Indian peasant.

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He is strange. I met him on the Malabar Coast, where he works from early morning until late at night, naked and hungry, trying to support his wife and his seven children by the sweat of his brow, trying to earn the handful of rice and sour mango fruit that provide them with their bare means of subsistence. A typical peasant lived in the house next door and visited me while I was staying with my family, who were sending their children to Europe to be educated in the secret hope that they might get some lucrative position with the British Government or else become Congress leaders and thus bring honor to the family. The peasant I speak of presented me with some nuts that he had carefully selected and shelled in order to show how pleased he was to see me again. He held them out to me in his beautiful hands and a happy smile spread across his brown face, though his eyes were sad. I could count the ribs on his naked torso; I could see his collar bone and every wrinkle on his neck and face. Then I saw a peasant at Belgaum in the moonlight, driving an ox that was pulling a heavy load up a steep hill, twisting the animal's tail in the most cruel manner possible in order to make it hurry. In Rai Bareilly I heard another peasant talking to one of the Congress leaders who was making a speech there. At first the peasant was silent, but presently he began asking questions that the Congress leader did not have enough knowledge of agriculture to answer. In Patna I found the peasants hopeful and excited. They ran behind a carload of Congress delegates shouting, 'Long live the Congress.' But in Lahore I found the peasants profoundly depressed. They were waiting for rain and complaining that they must have offended the gods, who had sent them no rain.

They laugh often but seldom from the bottom of their hearts. Their voices are shrill, their laughter loud, and it sounds like a gong in the temple of Benares. He is a strange fellow, the Indian peasant.

India, adieu.

II. A Lesson from India

By F. Yeats-Brown

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

I HAVE a friend in India who can extract the square root of a number of forty-five figures in his head, or multiply a number of sixty-five figures by another number of sixty-five figures, merely by abstracting his mind from all other thoughts. He is a mathematical prodigy, but my liking for him is not on account of his amazing brain. His soul is much more interesting.

This friend of mine nearly went mad twelve years ago, when he lost his young wife. He and she were studying raja yoga together, and being both clever, supple, whole-hearted, they had progressed far along that path. Suddenly she died. The world lost form and color for my friend; time stood still; lips moved in the faces of those he met, but he could not grasp any meaning from them. He heard afterward that he had left his house and wandered all over India, living on alms.

At last, just after the end of the Great War, my friend arrived in Hardwar, where the Ganges flows out of the hills, and here he found a *guru* who brought him back to the world of men by promising that he would enable him to meet his wife again. It was in an underground room near the sacred river that this power was conferred on

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him. My friend sat in *siddhasana*, the especially favored position of raja yoga, with one foot tucked into his groin, and the heel of the other supporting the base of his body, listening to the spells of the hierophant. He was first commanded to close his eyes and meditate on the mystic centres of the body, on the sacred syllables, and on the inner light that controls the vital forces. Presently he was told to open his eyes and to concentrate his vision on the place between the eyebrows where the wheel of consciousness comes to a dead end. When he found this place (the preceding 'power-conferring' ceremony had taken about half an hour) his five senses were extinguished like a snuffed candle; yet he remained (he told me) entirely conscious both of himself, and of what was passing in his *guru's* mind. He does not know how long he remained like this. All he can say is that he seemed to be timelessly poised between earth and heaven, living in an untellable illumination. Finally he heard a voice bidding him look to his left; and, looking, he found his wife beside him, more real than any name or form that he had perceived during his long months of lonely vagrancy. He had found again his heart and his centre.

For some weeks my friend could see his wife only with the *guru's* help. But now he can summon her at will from the perspectives of memory and bring her to him, near and real and living, whenever he chooses to close the door upon his outer senses. He exists in reality not in this world, where he ekes out a living with his peculiar mental gifts, but with his wife, in secret, consummate rapture.

THIS is a true story in every particular. I know what Western psychologists would say about it. But I do not think they would be right. My friend is outwardly sane and normal, and he is exceptionally healthy, although his sustenance is only a little milk and fruit. He never sleeps more than two hours on any night; and on Mondays he does not sleep or speak or eat at all, spending twenty-four hours in communion with the spirit-image—fantasy—call it what you will—to which his life is dedicated. His mind has endowed a wraith with life; physical and spiritual are united; there is a real presence there, for love has materialized her psyche. Have any of us a thumb and finger fine enough to gauge the substantiality of a parapsychological abstraction?

I do not believe, however, that a Western man can safely bring back the dead. To me, European spiritualism wears an unhealthy and repellent aspect. Things may be done in the East (such as the temporary reanimation of corpses laid on the burning pyre) which would be merely revolting in the West. The East has studied the subtle and unseeable currents in the body of man by which he breathes and has his being; the West, on the contrary, has mapped, measured, and dissected man's visible nerves. Between the two methods there is a wide world; we live in different intellectual as well as physical climates. What was proper to save my friend's sanity would lead to delusion or delirium if practised in Chelsea or Maida Vale.

I have had hundreds—nearly a thousand—letters in the course of the last eighteen months asking for particulars about certain breathings that I described in a book. Some of my correspondents belonged to that 'lunatic fringe' which every journalist learns to recognize, but others—the majority, I think—were reasonable, solid people who had come upon an idea that was also lying fallow in my own mind, and it has been a privilege to hear from them. To the wise letters as to the foolish my answer has necessarily been

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the same: yoga exercises cannot be taught save by a *guru*, and there is no *guru* in England.

But how far, I often ask myself, would it be possible to make a synthesis of Eastern and Western methods of nerve control? Is there, could there be, a universal yoga?

There is as much latent mysticism by the Thames as there is by the Ganges. Among all kinds of people, even some of the most conventional, I find that there is an almost passionate desire to reach realities below appearances and learn in stillness the rhythms of their own soul. And no wonder. Civilization is doomed unless we can find our psychic centre. I am sometimes oppressed by the number of poisoned, discontented, sapped, and jaded citizens that I see in London, Paris, Berlin, and New York. Look at the faces of the women you see shopping in Oxford Street, or High Street, Kensington, or the patrons of teashops and cinemas. Life gives them very little. If these people could walk into the glittering shops and buy better health, they would do so. Indeed fortunes are made in selling it to them. But since it is only to be acquired through self-denial they continue restless and unhappy, unlike my Indian friend, who is prepared to sacrifice his personal comfort for his peace of mind.

Of course there is no royal road to health, or beauty, or happiness, but a better knowledge of the working of mind and body would save a great deal of suffering, and it is in this direction, I think, that there is an opportunity for a new kind of yoga comprising Eastern wisdom and Western science. Five thousand years ago the Vedic sages were insisting on the purity of the *shakti-nadi*, or 'power tube,' as the indispensable preliminary to a better life. As centuries passed their meaning was overlaid. Only five or six years ago an eminent scientist was asked not to use the word 'constipation' in a public lecture given in London. But Sir William Arbuthnot Lane and the New Health Society have changed all that.

This brings me to my point, which is, bluntly, this: that the first and chief step which most Western people should take if they wish for internal mental peace is to learn how to achieve internal bodily purity. Calm minds go with clean bowels. Many people—especially at this time of year—are engaged in digesting so many confused foods that they distill inside themselves stronger and stranger and more noxious alcohols than those they drink. No one has yet explored the connection between mysticism and meals, but I believe that such a connection exists.

That, I think, is the lesson we can learn from the East. Nerve control must begin with the alimentary tract. After that, our own methods and our own faiths are perhaps best for us, though even then (as Dr. Urquhart says) a knowledge of Indian thought may help in the interpretation of Christianity.

III. China Speaks

By Hsu Dau-lin

Translated from the *Europäische Revue*, Berlin Foreign-Affairs Monthly

ALTHOUGH the present crisis in Eastern Asia seems at first sight to depend on military force, skillful diplomacy, and the economic power of the masses, there is really only one fundamental problem. Will a cultured nation that has been striving for decades to gain independence succeed in its strug-

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gle, or will all its hopes be shattered by a blind policy of brute force that is incessantly expanding and subjugating all opposition and is at the present time successfully defying all ideas of peace and justice?

Consider the scene of conflict. Manchuria, comprising the three Eastern Provinces of Fengtien, Kirin, and Heilung-kiang, has been under Chinese rule for three hundred years. It is twice as big as Germany. Across it pass the lines of communication that connect Siberia and Mongolia with the Yellow Sea. Its natural wealth includes the extraordinarily fruitful farming country along the river valleys, the immense forests in the province of Kirin, the gold mines along the Amur and in Chipiku, and the coal, iron, and silver mines near Mukden, Dalai Nor, Fushun, and Miaurshan. On this territory of 363,610 square miles live thirty million Chinese, seven per cent of whom are Manchus, one million Koreans, forty or fifty per cent of whom are Chinese citizens, and two hundred thousand Japanese, of whom about three thousand live outside the property leased by their country. As for the railways, the so-called South Manchuria Railway from Changchun to Dairen, with its branch lines to Antung, Fushun, and Port Arthur, is entirely Japanese. The lines from Ssupingkai to Tsitsihar, and from Changchun to Kirin and Dunhua, were built with Japanese money but are under Chinese control. The remaining lines are all Chinese: the Mukden–Peking line, the Mukden–Heilung–Kirin line, the Hulan–Hilun line, the Tahushan–Tungliao line, and the Tsitsihar–Koshan line.

What was the real reason for Japan's military action? The answer is simple. The Japanese were afraid that their rule in Manchuria would be broken. Chinese immigration from the basin of the Yellow River had increased enormously in recent years; Chinese railways were threatening the prosperity of the South Manchuria Railway and hurting the city of Dairen. The Mukden Government, which used to be a tool in Japanese hands, now cooperates with the Central Government at Nanking, and even refuses to maintain diplomatic relations with Japan. But, above all else, the Chinese people have now attained national consciousness and are demanding their just dues in their relations with foreign nations.

Of course, Japan's desires cover a wide field. The Japanese want complete economic, military, and political control of Manchuria, as well as a free hand in Mongolia, in the hope that some day they will be able to assimilate this territory too. In 1879 Japan annexed the Liukiu Islands; in 1895, Formosa and the Pescadores; in 1910, Korea. In 1895 Japan tried to seize the Liao-tung peninsula but was blocked by Russia. After the World War Japan wanted the province of Shantung but was blocked by the firm opposition of the Western powers. Now, when the great powers in Europe and America are immersed in their own problems, the Japanese have succeeded in marching into Manchuria. The catastrophic floods that inundated a province the size of Germany and caused millions of men to die of starvation was a heaven-sent opportunity for Japan to seize what she had long desired.

WHAT is the Chinese position? It is that of a nation that is determined to assert its independence and that is struggling for its ultimate right to exist. For China has never conducted its relations with other countries on a satisfactory basis. In 1844 it signed treaties with France and America surrendering to those countries the same advantages and privileges that it had vainly fought to maintain against

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England in the Opium War of 1842. The present moment offers China its opportunity to improve its position in the world. The cancellation of the so-called 'unequal treaties' has long been the Alpha and Omega of Chinese diplomacy, and the great powers can no longer maintain these treaties in their relations with China. Yet China demands no radical revision. It recognizes that even complete revision would not open up a golden road to a better future, and it is working with all its strength for positive national reconstruction. The same thing holds true of the Chinese attitude toward Japan. China is not trying to revise the *status quo*, that is to say, Japan's specified rights in Manchuria. It is not endeavoring to drive the Japanese military railway patrols out of the country, or to boycott Japan's businesses permanently. But it is building up its own railways, endeavoring to develop its own Manchurian port of Hulutao, and is working hard to put through a programme of colonization and industrialization in order to defend its vital interests and to prevent its extensive territories from falling completely subject to Japanese rule. China is therefore struggling energetically but peacefully to maintain its existence. In the last analysis the struggle is not between two parties concerning a certain situation or certain demands. It is rather a conflict between one nation's measureless desire for expansion and another nation's firm will to defend and assert itself.

The Koreans are playing a tragic rôle. They have been driven into China at the points of Japanese bayonets, leaving their own fertile, warm country to its new masters. They are forced to become the pioneers of Japan's brutal policy in China and they serve to protect the Japanese from Chinese hatred.

Korean policy seems likely to enter a new phase. Japan fought China in 1895 over the question of Korean independence, and Japan's victory brought Korea its sovereignty. But in 1905 Russia recognized Japan's sovereign rights in Korea and in 1910 the Japanese Emperor finally deigned to sanction the complete incorporation of Korea into the Japanese Empire. To-day, however, it is more doubtful whether the former Emperor of China would consent to ascend the Manchurian throne under Japanese protection and prepare the way for his protectors to take over his new kingdom, and it is also doubtful whether such a policy could succeed under the watchful eyes of the world.

But there is perhaps a still deeper problem involved in the Asiatic crisis, to wit, the struggle between culture and civilization. Japanese superiority to China resides exclusively in the realm of civilization—armaments, technique, industry. China's impotence and weakness are the results of a cultural crisis. The old natural order on which China's past was built was razed to the ground by the Western powers,—the overthrow of the Yuan Ming Yuan by European firearms symbolized the destruction of culture by civilization,—and the last thirty years of unrest and civil war represent nothing but symbols of a nation coming to life. They are the results of the difference between the old cultural order and the new civilized world, and can be understood only in that light. Chinese culture was never deeply rooted in Japan, and modern civilization, the civilization of cannons and steam engines, easily penetrated that country. Within fifty years a Confucian island kingdom has become a modern world power. All ideas of justice and freedom have disappeared and all that remains of the old heroic myths is a belief in the mystic significance of the number seven, which is associated with victory. The year

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1895, when the Chino-Japanese War occurred, was the twenty-seventh year of the Meiji era. The year 1905, when the Russo-Japanese War occurred, was the thirty-seventh year of that era. The year 1918, when the World War ended, was the seventh year of the Taisho era, and 1932 is the seventh year of the present Showa era. If Japan is able to pursue its policy of expansion unchecked, modern civilization is to blame, and China's weakness can be understood only in the light of the nation's cultural position. These two forces, civilization and culture, now face each other in battle array.

IV. When Japan Backed Lenin

By W. K. von Nohara

Translated from the *Vossische Zeitung*, Berlin Liberal Daily

IT WAS in August 1904, during the battle of Liaoyang. The Japanese had not reckoned on meeting with such energetic resistance from the Russians and certainly had not expected to find so many troops concentrated near Liaoyang. The single-track Siberian railway, which was the only connection between European Russia and Manchuria, would soon be blocked and made useless, so the Japanese calculated. But they were mistaken, for to prevent the regular transport of troops to the front from being delayed by the return of rolling stock, the Russians burned their railways cars instead of sending them back. The outcome of this battle of Liaoyang was quite uncertain.

Colonel Motojiro Akashi, who later became a general and governor of Formosa, was sent to Finland with instructions to stir up anti-Russian discontent and thus cripple Russia by strikes and disturbances. He was also given money to advance his cause.

A Finnish comrade arranged the first meeting between Lenin and Colonel Akashi. Lenin was living in a two-story, wooden house near the Russian frontier, and Colonel Akashi sent his card in to Lenin by a woman who opened the door. Lenin received him immediately. His head was shaved smooth and he had a tough little beard.

'Your name is familiar to me,' he said as he rose. 'Please sit down. The affair is now ready to be started. But how?' he asked, looking the Colonel in the eye.

'How is your movement going?' asked the Colonel.

'Well,' Lenin took a shabby package of cigarettes out of his pocket and offered one to the Colonel. Colonel Akashi took a cigarette and then offered Lenin one of his. Lenin looked at the cigarette and shook his head. 'No thank you. They're too good for me.' Then he began to talk quietly and slowly: 'It is only natural that Japan is trying to get our help. I have thought over your offer, which reached me through the Finnish comrades, in every light. I have no reason to refuse, but I do not know what standpoint our party will take. You understand it means high treason.'

'High treason?' Colonel Akashi met Lenin's eye. 'But is n't it your intention to overthrow the Russian Empire?'

'No, not the Russian Empire. Only the Tsar and the bourgeoisie.'

'I sha'n't need to discuss that with you,' continued the Colonel. 'But would n't it be an advantage to the Russian people if your revolutionary plans were executed with the help of my country?'

Lenin nodded agreement. 'But I must consult with other members of the

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party. Moreover, what is the attitude of the other parties you have approached?'

'A movement is under way and I have already placed orders for supplies and ammunition.'

'That pleases me,' said Lenin, and silence fell for a few seconds.

'Do you know Sen Katayama?' asked Lenin. (Sen Katayama is to-day the leader of the Japanese Communists, and lives in Moscow, as he is banned from his native country.)

'Yes, he is one of our Socialists, who are working against the war with your country.'

'It is said that he will attend the Congress of the Second International at Amsterdam. Yesterday he talked with Plekhanov.'

'I think that is extraordinary.'

'It is not extraordinary, Colonel. The imperialists fight each other, but we hold out our hands to one another.'

Colonel Akashi felt that this remark was directed against him and his profession, but he answered gently, 'Mr. Katayama is his own representative. He speaks for no one else. You will notice that if you follow the developments in Manchuria, Mr. Lenin.' He smiled and Lenin smiled back.

'I don't know much about your country,' Lenin confessed. 'But don't you think, Colonel, that our movement is quite right?'

'I believe that you are completely in the right. If I were a Russian I should certainly join your movement.'

Lenin laughed out loud. 'Unfortunately, I cannot reply that if I were a Japanese I should be an officer like you.'

Colonel Akashi had the feeling that he must make some retort. 'That is due to the difference in race and history,' he said.

'We will not dispute.' And Lenin held up his big hand.

But Akashi continued: 'A few years ago I talked to Sun Yat-sen. He explained to me the significance of the Chinese principle that one should not violate one's own spiritual law. The people of the East are more moral in their social attitude than the people of the West. I believe that a principle like yours could be born only of a nation whose history was an uninterrupted chain of oppressions.'

'We will not dispute,' Lenin repeated.

'Please persuade your party to accept our offer. I am authorized to give you whatever sum you demand.'

'Good, Colonel.'

AFTER the battle at Sha-ho from the ninth to the eighteenth of October 1904 it was quite obvious that the Russians had been defeated in Manchuria. Their immense military expenditures caused an inflation that drove prices up tremendously. In January 1905 Port Arthur fell.

Russia concentrated its forces in Mukden and prepared for a decisive battle. Japan was handicapped by lack of munitions and troops, and the outcome of the battle was in doubt. Colonel Akashi had not been able to stir up important uprisings in Russia in spite of his money and his efforts. He therefore worked with redoubled zeal and kept in constant touch with the revolutionaries. Finally, he received news that the first strike had occurred in Saint Petersburg. Within a few days two hundred thousand workers had joined. The Communist who brought him this news wept with joy. 'Are n't you pleased, too, Colonel?' he asked, melting with pleasure.

'I don't know what there is to please me. A strike has broken out in a factory, that is all. You congratulate me, but I can hardly congratulate you.'

'But, Colonel, we are pleased that our movement has become public. Now we know our power.'

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'We will drink to your success.' They raised their glasses of vodka, and Akashi said in his heart, 'Long live the Emperor,' while the Communist said to himself, 'Long live the revolution.' Their glasses had both been filled from the same bottle.

In Saint Petersburg crowds of strikers were massacred. 'If the Japanese armies win, we shall be saved,' said the workers, and the number of strikers increased to 440,000. Then Caucasian troops refused to follow the flag. Mobilization in central Russia was made impossible by the attitude of the people. Russian officials in Finland were murdered.

Public opinion in Europe was aroused against Russia. Those who knew Colonel Akashi and his work congratulated him. He went to Stockholm, Paris, London, and, finally, Geneva. On the eve of the second congress of the Social Revolutionaries at Geneva he met Lenin once again and handed him a big sum of money. 'Mr. Lenin, you will occupy the chair at to-morrow's conference, won't you?' he asked.

'No. I believe that a real Russian will be elected chairman.'

'Will there be a struggle between the militarists and the Socialists inside the party? Is that what you are trying to say?'

'Perhaps there will be a struggle, but that should n't bother either of us. We should worry only about the important things.'

'You are right. You go straight to the point and have been successful. We want to fight against our common foe.'

'Colonel, will the war end soon? You must know.'

'It is impossible to prophesy.'

Lenin looked Colonel Akashi reflectively in the eye and then murmured, 'If the war lasts another year, we shall have conquered.'

Meanwhile Akashi thought to himself, 'The battle of Mukden will mean the end of the war. Japan will almost certainly win. But if it is beaten Lenin and I will destroy Russia from within.' He shook Lenin's hand in silence. Lenin squeezed his hand in reply and went away without speaking a word.

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Russia's coming of age is interpreted by two German journalists. One shows how the depression has slowed down the Five-Year Plan; the other gives a synopsis of a popular Moscow newspaper.

RUSSIA Takes Stock

By Two German Observers

I. The Communist Dilemma

By K. L. Gerstorff

Translated from the *Weltbühne*, Berlin Radical Weekly

Production in the leading industrial nations has fallen about one-third during the world economic crisis, and world trade has also decreased tremendously. In the first six months of 1931 trade declined about 28 per cent in comparison with the first six months of 1930. This decline is twice as great as the decline between the first six months of 1929 and the first six months of 1930. About half the decline in world trade is due to the drop in production and about half to lower prices. If we take 100 as the figure for the first six months of 1928 in terms of money, the first six months of 1931 come to 69.2. The decline in the volume of trade is not so great. Taking the volume of trade for the first six months of 1928 as 100, we find that the corresponding figure for the first half of 1931 is 85.4. But, on account of the new boundaries that have been established, world trade now includes a great deal of trade that used to be domestic.

It is natural that this tremendous decline should affect the Soviet economic system seriously, since that system is closely bound up with the rest of the world. The third year of the Five-Year Plan has now been completed and it is quite clear that the world crisis has had an important effect upon the Plan. When the Russians embarked on their venture and counted on an increase in their foreign trade, they reckoned on comparative economic stability in the outer world and on receiving stable prices for their chief products. It is extraordinarily significant that in 1929 the Russians did not allow for the approaching world economic crisis in making their plans, although they indorsed the theory of the German Communist Party that a revolutionary situation existed.

No wonder their foreign trade suf-

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fered reverses. For 1930, they figured on increasing their exports by 40 per cent and had, for that reason, devised a corresponding plan for importing goods. But 1930 brought an increase of only 14 per cent in exports instead of 40 per cent. That in itself was an amazing achievement, for we must remember that, during 1930, while the Russians were increasing the value of their exports by one-seventh, world trade as a whole declined in value by more than 15 per cent. The 14-per-cent increase in the value of Russian exports meant a much greater increase in volume. But the declining price level on the world market due to the economic crisis affected Russia most unfavorably. Why?

Soviet Russia chiefly exports raw materials for industry and agricultural products—wood, oil, grain, food-stuffs, furs. In some years more raw materials for industry were exported; in other years, more agricultural products. But manufactured goods made up only a very small portion of Russia's total export trade. Now in the present economic crisis prices have dropped more sharply than they ever have before in previous crises, but the cartels and monopolies worked out their policies in such a way that the fall in the prices of their products, which represented a great majority of all manufactured goods, was comparatively slight, whereas the fall in the prices of products not produced by cartels—industrial raw materials and agricultural products—was much more catastrophic. Even in 1930, when the Five-Year Plan was partially fulfilled in respect to the volume of Russian exports, the yield from these exports was much less than had been expected, so that the plan to import goods could not be carried out in full.

The year 1931 was still more unfavorable. The yield from exports, which had increased from 1929 to 1930, declined from 1930 to 1931. But again the world crisis did not reduce Russian foreign trade nearly as much as it did the foreign trade of the highly capitalized states. Nevertheless, Russian exports have been so affected by the crisis that their value has fallen below the 1930 level, and the first eight months of 1931 showed an excess of imports to the amount of about a hundred million dollars, a comparatively large sum for Russia.

Such a large unfavorable trade balance has had important consequences on the Russian economic system. This is due to the fact that, apart from its postal receipts, Russia has no so-called invisible balance of payments. It receives no interest from abroad. It has to pay more money for carrying charges than it receives, and so far tourist traffic has brought in no great amount of money. Therefore Russia can import only as much as it exports, and if its imports become greater than its exports they must be purchased on credit. But up to now no long-term capital loans have been extended to Russia, so that the excess of imports has been made possible only by short-term, open-book accounts.

As everyone knows, most of these open-book accounts have been granted by German capitalists, and the precariousness of the German situation on the international capital market does not need to be stressed. The credits to Russia were not made possible by an active German balance on the international capital market but only by the fact that German capitalists took part of the capital they had borrowed from abroad and used it for the purpose of granting export credits to Russia. An analogous situation exists in the Far East, for most of the capital that Japan has invested in China and Manchuria came from America.

The export credits that Germany has extended to Russia have had a

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favorable effect on German exports. In contrast to a decline in all other German exports, those made to Russia in 1931 have increased considerably. But it is a question whether more credit can be extended to Russia. Of the many questions that Laval and Brüning discussed, the question of German credits to Russia apparently played a considerable rôle. No agreement has yet been reached. If Soviet Russia is granted no more large credits, Russian imports must drop, and this decline will naturally have important consequences on the execution of the Five-Year Plan. It can be definitely stated that the Plan will not fail, but its fulfillment will certainly be delayed. This, in turn, will have important consequences on Russian policy.

WHEN the Russians first launched their Plan they were a little too simple and argued roughly as follows: 'We shall build up Russian industry within five years at an American tempo. Thus we shall develop not only production but consumption. In five years we shall raise the standard of living of the Russian laboring masses seventy-five per cent. The Russian worker will not only live much better than he has before, but he will live as well as the West European worker. At the end of five years, we shall be able to say to the West European laborer that in a backward country without capitalists or business men we have built up our industry anew and far exceeded our previous peace-time standards, that the living condition of the working class is constantly improving, and that we have no unemployment.'

It had been hoped that such a real accomplishment on the part of Soviet Russia would influence all West European workers so strongly that no special propaganda would be necessary to promote socialism among them. On the basis of this theory everything else was subordinated to the labor of construction, and the tactical differences between Stalin and other members of the Communist Party concerning the method of construction became subjects of dispute among the Communist parties in other lands. What harm could this do, Stalin's supporters asked, since, when the work of construction was completed, the different Communist parties would cease to exist independently but would be ruled bureaucratically from Moscow?

We have now learned that there was a considerable hole in this reckoning. The crisis which, it was thought, would not arrive until Moscow had completed its Plan, came too soon. We have already described its consequences on Russia's foreign trade. Its effect on the domestic situation has been to prevent real wages from rising, so that the difference between the standard of living of the Russian worker and the West European worker is not decreasing. Communist officials understand the source of these difficulties and recognize that they cannot be charged against the socialist system itself, but for millions of West European workers one simple fact is all important: that the Russian worker is still living more wretchedly than they are.

Although the socialist construction of Russia has been delayed by the world economic crisis, and although its results on the West European laboring masses have therefore not been so powerful during the crisis as the Russians had assumed they would be when the Plan started, the bureaucratic degeneration of the Communist Party in Germany represents a much more serious handicap. In 1929 one frequently heard Russians saying that successful socialist construction in Russia and a badly led Communist Party in Germany would be much better than poor construction in Russia and a well

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led German Communist Party. The crisis has seriously hampered Russia's development and at the same time the German Communist Party is being very badly led. It is being destroyed by bureaucracy, and its tactics no longer give it any great influence. A recent leading editorial in the *Berliner Tageblatt* on Russia states that the foreign policy of Soviet Russia has always followed two paths—the Five-Year Plan and the Communist International. If the crisis seriously threatens the success of the Plan, it may well be that Russian policy will follow the course of developing the Communist International more powerfully.

But that is looking at things rather too mechanically. A Communist party that is as weakened by bureaucracy as the German Communist Party has been needs something more than a change in effective management to make it active again, and it is quite significant that Russians like Karl Radek who know German conditions place no great confidence in the fighting power of the German worker at the present time. On the other hand, our German working class is becoming increasingly aware that no power in the world can take away from it its historic task of organizing the way out of the crisis in Germany.

II. What Moscow Reads

By Günther Stein

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin Liberal Daily

Every country shows its true face in its newspapers. They reveal its character and its circumstances. What they contain and what they lack, what they emphasize and what they conceal, their prohibitions and liberties, their style and form of treating the news —all these things are not chance creations. They represent, consciously or unconsciously, a portrait of an entire country, a snapshot of a given people at a given time.

I quote here, article by article, dispatch by dispatch, the contents of a popular Moscow evening newspaper, one that is less serious, less scientific, less factual and dry than the big newspapers that sell by the millions and that are read by the intellectual elect among the proletariat and by the intellectuals. *Moscow in the Evening* is the Russian equivalent of a boulevard newspaper and is published by the Moscow City Soviet. It is always sold out because there is a paper shortage. This journal has four large pages, each of which is divided into seven columns. It contains about one page of advertisements.

It begins with foreign politics, and the world revolution is constantly featured. Here is a three-column headline: 'To-day the Geneva Gasbags Go into Conference. Geneva Lackeys Prepare to Serve Japan but Express Every Sympathy for China.' The dispatch itself consists of a telegram from Paris. Then follow brief, more or less factual reports on the Russo-German economic negotiations, the end of the Indian Round-Table Conference, the crisis in Morocco, secret Fascist organizations in Stockholm, and a note by Litvinov on Manchuria entitled 'Stop Provocations.' The news columns are broken by an almost unrecognizable picture of the unemployed in New York.

Instead of playing up murders, horse races, crime, and continued stories, the Russians emphasize with incredible cleverness and incredible success the efforts of separate units and branches of industry and of industrial groups and

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the whole economic system to put through the Five-Year Plan and fulfill the construction and production programmes. 'Will this or that project be one-hundred-per-cent complete by January first?' That is an exciting question to millions of readers. An article with two pictures on the first page bears a three-column headline: 'The Iron Baker. Bread Factory No. 5 a Brilliant Achievement of the Soviet Union. Engineer Marsakov Is the Organizer of the Triumph.' The dispatch itself is written in a good, sharp style. It relates that German and English manufacturers of machinery had asserted that their methods were the most highly rationalized, but Russia has completely outstripped them by building a bread factory without foreign aid. Not one foreign nail was used. The factory is ready. Nine persons in eight working hours can make ten thousand loaves of bread entirely by machinery, not touching the flour or any ingredient of the bread themselves. Finally, there is a description of the baking process and praise for the engineer, the workers, and the system.

Then comes an imposing item about a new educational palace for the Department of Moscow Soviet including a theatre, a moving-picture auditorium, and libraries, all made of steel, glass, and concrete. It is amazing that such structures are rising in Moscow and Leningrad in spite of every difficulty, in spite of the concentration on increased industrial machinery. Next come short dispatches of a few lines each, and finally, the last item on the first page, a feuilleton article that is purely political, like everything in this country. It is entitled, 'In Berlin People Don't Like Irony,' a text taken from Heine. The article itself states that modern Germany has even surpassed ancient Prussia. A few examples are given that do not entirely correspond to the title. The ejection of some Persian republicans from Germany and the affair of a German film critic lead the Moscow writer to assert that the whole German press is for sale.

The second page is more interesting and contains descriptions of daily Soviet affairs. Every other word is relentless self-criticism, the kind of thing that people imagine is said only by anti-Soviet *émigrés*. One must admit that it is a sign of strength rather than of weakness that this expanding, ambitious system, in spite of its assurance, permits itself so much candid self-criticism in public.

There is a description of how Moscow has failed to receive its supply of vegetables according to plan. Instead of the 532,574 tons of potatoes that were supposed to have been delivered, the city has received only 326,461 tons. In respect to cabbage, the plan is 48.8 per cent fulfilled. Carrots are only 28.3 per cent fulfilled, onions 10.5 per cent, and the other vegetables 36.6 per cent. But even the deliveries that are made often go to the wrong place and considerable losses are therefore involved. A 'flying patrol brigade' discovers each day dozens of 'criminal failures to provide the necessities of life.' In one place carrots are rotting, in other places potatoes are freezing. Then come the numbers of the stores and the names of the men in charge.

Under an oval photograph of a tailor measuring clothes is a caption praising Worker Trubnikov, the best worker and shock-brigade member of the twelfth Moscow clothing factory, which completed its full scheduled output for the year six weeks before the year had ended.

'The Last of the Middlemen. They Still Live and Work—in the Mostorg.' This is the headline of an article describing the furniture division of the Mostorg, the state trading house in Moscow, which sold two thousand beds in September. Only seven hundred of

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these beds were manufactured in Moscow, while most of them came from distant cities where bed production is much more limited than in Moscow. Why?

The traveling salesmen of the Mostorg buy wherever they can—and it should be remembered that they buy from state organizations for a state organization. They are not always able to make their purchases in Moscow, since most of the goods manufactured there are sold directly to the workers' community houses. Often they have more luck elsewhere, especially since they are able to give the eager seller something that he needs in return for his goods, working aprons for instance. One of the Mostorg representatives made use of such bait in far-off Odessa and succeeded in purchasing twenty new beds from the representative of an Odessa military organization. The military man, being unable to get any beds in Odessa, went to Rostov, but could not find any there either. He then traveled to Moscow and bought back from the Mostorg the twenty beds that it had bought from him in Odessa.

'Twelve Thousand Historic Facts. A New Central Archive Will Be Built in Moscow, Costing Two and a Half Million Rubles.' So reads one headline. And here is a typical news item. The housing association of the Krassnia-Pressnia quarter complains bitterly that its members keep talking about progress yet never accomplish anything. Workers Community House No. 7 has only one light, a single petroleum lamp. In Leontievski Street a community house where twenty-two people live has only one teakettle. Another house has holes in the doors. The men in charge of these houses are to blame and must take the responsibility.

SOME concrete instances of the daily misfortune of standing in line for necessities and luxuries are given. At Shop No. 10–35 of the Moskva River Co-operative Society people had to stand for hours in the early morning waiting for vegetable oil and venison. Why? The goods had been delivered to the store the previous evening, but there was no pump for the oil and not enough room on the counter for the deer. 'Why should we hurry?' the store manager asked the reporter who was investigating the incident. 'We always get rid of all our goods.' It should be explained that no concern dares to risk its profits because everything depends on them—the credit provided by the state banks, the supplies of goods received, and the standing of the man responsible, who under certain circumstances can even be ejected from the party, which is an honorary organization. On the other hand, there is no need as yet to consult the customer's convenience a great deal. At Shop No. 83 a long line stood waiting for rice. Why? It was claimed that the price had not yet been fixed, but actually it had; the real reason for the delay was laziness. At Shop No. 232 long lines stand waiting every day. The cashier is industrious but the cash register does not work. A ribbon has been torn; another is on hand and ready to be inserted but its price has not yet been ascertained. The Moscow Party Committee has decided to make all managers responsible if customers have to stand in line too long.

A brilliantly written article describes how a member of the new generation was walking along a street lit by bright arc lights. He was gazing in wonder on a new theatre when he saw the sixteenth century emerge from a basement window in the form of a rat that ran across the street. There are 2,500,000 rats in Moscow to-day, almost as many as there are human beings, according to scientific estimates. It is true that Moscow does not hold the record for rats: it has less than Paris,

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London, and Hamburg; but it has plenty just the same. People have begun to fight bedbugs, though with resolutions more than with chemical formulæ. The article goes on to ask: 'Why don't we talk more about the rats, about these relics of yesterday that we inherited from Tsarism and that still make their way into the life of to-day along with the most modern bread factories, kindergartens, community houses, planetariums, and educational parks?'

Another headline reads: 'The Parcel Did Not Arrive.' Here are numerous instances of packages arriving late or not at all. It took nineteen days for one package to get from Smolensk to Moscow, and in 1931 alone 110 packages were lost in the Moscow Central Post Office. Who is to blame? It would repay the People's Commissar for Posts and Telegraphs to see that the service is more reliable, since he is responsible for it.

The advertising columns begin with the announcements of theatres, concerts, and circuses. Then there is half a column of offers to buy or sell. Naturally, more people want to buy. There are demands for sideboards, typewriters, pianos, chairs, cameras, and phonographs. The objects for sale include men's coats, telescopes, wrist watches, bear rugs, and an old hotel. A Leningrad coöperative advertises for an unlimited quantity of turnips and cabbage, and the state meat trust wants to buy two motor-cycles.

Then come the most urgent demands of all, the demands for dwelling places. 'The occupant of a room in Leningrad containing 183 square feet is looking for a room in Moscow.' 'Will exchange a corridor room for two rooms, paying all costs.' 'Wanted, a room. Will pay a hundred rubles a month.' 'Will exchange room containing 43 square feet for larger room, paying all costs.' 'We need rooms and houses for foreign specialists,' announces a trust. 'Will exchange five-room country house for one room in Moscow.' 'Will rent corner of room to student who will educate a boy.'

There is also a labor-exchange column whose few items confirm the fact that no real unemployment exists in Russia. 'Looking for work as a dog trainer.' 'Old cook seeks employment in state institution or hospital.' 'English, German, and French, seven rubles a month.' 'Old German woman, intelligent, seeks position in household; personal recommendations.' There are jobs offered to stenographers with their own typewriters and jobs in the Caucasus for engineers, mechanics, and so forth.

Such are the contents of a typical number of a popular Moscow newspaper.

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Persons and Personages

Meeting Matisse

By Gotthard Jedlicka

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Zürich German-Language Daily

WE WERE sitting next each other in an open car that was taking us to his exhibition on a warm, sunshiny morning. I turned to look at him so that I could get a clear impression. What surprised me about him was that there was so little that was surprising. I felt this with unusual intensity because I was prepared to find him radiating that human warmth which creates a real bond. What first impressed me about the appearance of Matisse was his complete correctness: he looked like a perfectly conventional person. This caused me to view him more dispassionately, in the hope that I might understand him better.

In his slightly sloping shoulders under his light English overcoat I recognized the same barely perceptible malformation that I had often noticed in other painters. It was as if the tension of the arm that held the brush had slightly cramped the painter's shoulder and back. From behind large, horn-rimmed spectacles he looked at me with his blue-gray eyes. They possessed the rather tender coolness characteristic of nearsighted people who are none the less skilled observers. It occurred to me that I had seen those eyes before, as well as the slanting eyebrows, the spectacles, and the thick nose on which they sat. And I remembered that they were sketched on the green cover of a German edition of reproductions of his work. His round beard, which evidently used to be reddish brown and which was clipped close to his cheeks, was turning gray. It was curly and darker under his chin, where it retained more of its original color. His moustache was gray, too, concealing his pale, rather sulky-looking lips, which are usually open but which were now firmly closed. He resembled a well-fed notary public, I reflected, yet he looked different, too.

'I believe that the exhibition will be misleading if people look only at my later works,' he said to me later as we were standing in the big hall of the Georges Petit Gallery. 'One can learn a lot from it, or nothing.' He led me in front of a little picture dedicated to Cross. 'There you see one of my earlier works. Naturally, it is differently painted from the later ones, and yet it seems to me that it has the same intensity. People have asked me why I did not hang my exhibition chronologically, but I wanted to show that earlier and later pictures belong together. In spite of their apparently considerable differences, they arise from the same experience. This picture was painted in the Luxembourg Gardens. Men, women, and children stood around my easel and watched me. The grown-ups laughed, the children copied them. I was dissatisfied with the picture that I was painting. I saw

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the scene before me. I saw this red hue, which has been partly scraped off. I saw at once that it was painted too thick and removed what was superfluous. How awkwardly it was done. But that other I see to-day more clearly than when I painted it. I achieved the effect that I wanted.

'How I envied Marquet at that time. He had found his path. He possessed a definite, clear, convincing style. People did n't laugh at his pictures. I had not gone so far and did not know whether I should ever get so far. Many people believe that I did my best painting during the *fauve* period. Then I did as my own nature compelled me to do. To-day I do so still, only then it seemed to give more pleasure. Impressionism no longer satisfied us. We did not want to paint the way our predecessors did. We wanted to free ourselves. Two uncompleted pencil sketches did me more good than all the recommendations of a whole academy. But one does n't always stay young. What concerned me was gradually to acquire understanding of what I was doing. With every picture in which I freed myself, I came nearer to myself.

'You know that many pictures in this exhibition still belong to me. They were painted during the various periods of my development. I can not bring myself to sell them. I must see where I came from in order to know where I am going. These pictures enable me to understand. But to go back. . . . We suddenly had begun discussing new things. It was at this period that I began to be understood, and that was why I opened a school. I did it because I wanted to teach and not in order to make money. What I said seemed to mean something to a great many people. My success was so great that after a few sessions I attracted several dozen pupils. I wanted to give them something that would help them find their own way, but almost at once I underwent a great disappointment.

'IN AN article in the *Grande Revue* twenty-five years ago I said what I wanted to give in my painting. It is incredible how I was misunderstood, and I am still reproached for what I wrote. I said that my purpose was a pure, harmonious, balanced, serene kind of painting. I said nothing as to the way in which this painting should be done. I tried to achieve my optical effects with flat representation. Does that kind of representation necessarily lead to too much flatness? Many people thought so. They accused me of painting without perspective, but don't you think that the imagination supplies perspective? In this sense my pictures have more perspective than most Cubist work, which attempted to represent a new kind of perspective.

'Moreover, I believe that any painting which is real—and I believe I can claim that my painting is, since it has stood plenty of tests on this score—contains something more than and something different from what the painter himself saw. Not only those things which he understands are true. Time extracts various values from his work. When these values are exhausted the pictures are forgotten, and the more a picture has to give,

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the greater it is. The impression that I try for in my pictures depends on the way they are designed and painted. It depends on the connection between the body and the space that surrounds it, the relationship of one color to another, the relationship of the filled-in flat surfaces to the surfaces that remain empty. This relationship I still strive for to-day, but I have just as much trouble as I ever did in getting my results.

'Derain once said that I risked my whole life with each picture. I do not believe that my painting always gives this impression. But it is true. I feel terrific anxiety about every picture I start, even to-day. I know the pleasure that comes from doing a successful piece of work rapidly, as you can see from some big pictures here that I painted in two hours, this "Odalisque," for instance. But the opposite is much more likely to happen. Often one tries to work on inspiration only, and it usually leads to nothing but a sketch, and a sketch is not a picture. Are you surprised that I say this? I recognized this fact very early in life. When the inspiration has passed one recognizes its value and content. To paint one single good picture one needs a wealth of inspirations, all of which one wants to test at one's leisure on the basis of their possibilities as paintings. It is difficult to paint a picture under such circumstances that it seems to have been done easily.

'I believe that people see too much method in my work. My only methods are labor and observation. I always work, week days and Sundays, Christmas and New Year's, and remember that I have always seen everything just as I have painted it, even what people say is arbitrary ornamentation. Painting without inventiveness is a dreadfully difficult task, like a complicated game of chess. My pupils have tried to discover my methods and take them over, and because they could not find any they have become discouraged and disillusioned. I have expended a lot of energy trying to stir them up, but they have never understood that the means with which one paints cannot be too simple. I have always tried to be more simple, because greater simplicity means greater completeness. The simplest representation gives the greatest vision. At all times simplicity requires courage. I believe that there is nothing more difficult in the world. Anyone who works for simplicity need not fear that he will become banal. How often I have said this to my pupils, yet the result is that this truth has become banal to them.'

We walked over and looked at his sketches together. 'I sketch quite a lot,' said Matisse. 'Sketching is skeleton painting. All this work exhibited here is only a small part of my total production. The drawings are of various kinds. These almost painfully careful black-and-white sketches have a distinct bearing on my whole work. I do them in the evening, when it is too dark to paint. I leave out all color. This is difficult, because it demands a different optical point of view. Naturally, I come across many problems that affect my painting, and when I return to my regular work the next day I am greatly enriched by numerous small observations I have made. But the best sketches I have made were not done as exercises but for their own sake.

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'Look at these pen-and-ink drawings. They express nothing but rhythmic proportions and they are the result of a certain mood or emotion. On the rare occasions when I am in a certain state of mind, I can take my pen in hand knowing—and I am never mistaken—that the sketch will not fail. I visualize it in advance, I feel as if my hand moved automatically, and I find it strangely easy to depict exactly what I see. But unfortunately this seldom happens.

'I have told you that I work a great deal. Sometimes I spend hours over a single drawing. Look at that female figure. Can you believe that I worked at it for more than two months? Every evening—the drawing was done in winter—I spent an hour and a half over it. It is the result of hundreds of sketches, one laid on top of the other, and was the preparation for a new picture that I am painting. The forms, as you may observe, seem artificially constructed, but, as I told you before, I never construct, I only draw what I see. If you look at the sketch closely you will see how often I have changed the position of the arm. At another time I pasted on a piece of paper in order to continue the drawing. Do you see it?'

I LEFT the exposition and walked down the red stair carpet, past discreetly placed statues, out the door, and on to the narrow rue de Sèze. The street was full of taxis and private automobiles, and as I made my way through the crowd of figures I saw the young, tanned, beautifully made-up face of a French girl wearing a tight-fitting black hat and white gloves. She was sitting erect yet indolently at the wheel of her automobile, and the fingers of her right hand were lightly playing imaginary chords. I took in the picture, which was effectively framed by the slanting windshield, and sat down in front of one of the big cafés to reflect about the exhibition I had just seen and the conversation I had had. I ceremoniously asked the waiter, who was singing in a low voice, to bring me the list of *apéritifs*, which he did with a good deal of humor, like a marionette. I then ordered what I had previously made up my mind to order and was at last ready to devote all my attention to surveying the life around me.

The sun stood high in the heavens, which were as blue as the blue in the French flag. The boulevard de la Madeleine, which lay before me, was ringing with the lively, almost festive noise that always fills it at noon. Taxis, private automobiles, and buses were rushing by at various speeds, and young bicyclists were weaving between them, whistling as they went. The few men on the pavement walked quickly and cast hasty glances here and there. The women were in less of a hurry. They were dressed in light, bright-colored clothes suited to the summer air. They walked slowly, looking keenly in the shiny shop windows and sometimes casting glances at the men sitting in front of the cafés, reading newspapers. Midday heat waves filled the air with a shimmering network.

As I sat I realized with astonishment that I had seen all this before, more intensively, with richer shades of blue and green, with more luminous

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yellows, and with many other colors. And when I had seen these women they were not walking on the street but, clad in bright-colored pajamas, were occupying modern rooms whose high windows looked out, not on the boulevard, but on the sea or a promenade along the beach. And then, as the strong impression that the painter himself had made on me retreated in my consciousness, I thought about the exhibition and was greatly astonished. Had I really seen pictures there? They did not seem remote, as pictures usually do when they are not physically present, and there was no atmosphere about them such as one associates with pictures in a museum. It seemed to me as if the walls of the gallery had been made of glass and that I had been able to look through them at real life. These pictures lead one straight to life. They are distillations and extracts of life, and I reflected how powerful and yet how appropriate to the demands of the day they are. And I asked myself, as image after image passed before my inner eye, what other pictures than these are suited to the hour that I am now living through in actuality. What other pictures, indeed, can make this present hour so like a dream?

Riccardo Gualino, a Modern Cagliostro

By Johannes P. Freden

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin Liberal Daily

RICCARDO GUALINO, the founder of the Snia-Viscosa, the largest artificial-silk factory in Europe, writes thus of the height of his career: 'Striding from success to success, both in Italy and abroad, I achieved such a firm position that I was considered one of the biggest men in Europe. I employed in all about 80,000 workmen. The net profit from my personal property exceeded six hundred million lire.' And millions were invested in the many undertakings that he controlled.

Barely a year ago this financier of industry was surprised late at night in his luxurious Turin town house in a most disagreeable manner. A police commissioner appeared, produced a telegram from Rome, and ordered him to appear before the questor. The hearing was imminent. He had barely time to say good-bye to his wife and to cast a last look at the rooms that had been furnished to suit her taste and at his art collection and private theatre. The commissioner hurried him politely. Gualino as yet suspected nothing. But at the police station he learned what his arrest meant. He was treated like a common criminal, yet he was not conscious of having committed any act that could be considered or punished as a crime under the capitalist system. Nevertheless, Mussolini had shortly before referred to him threateningly in an important public speech, without mentioning his name, as a 'Cagliostro of industry' who unscrupulously tried to control everything from chocolate to cement, from wood to artificial silk, and who accumulated wealth at the expense of the people. Such men belonged in

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prison! The Italian Stinnes (as he was also called) did not go to prison, but after a week's detention he was sent into exile for five years. This happened just after the big Parisian scandal about the banker Oustric, whom Gualino had advised and financed some years before.

Now Gualino is exiled on Lipari Island. He has found a little house in which he is allowed to live. He is free to do as the political prisoners on this island do—to walk up and down under military supervision in a narrowly limited area from early morning to dusk and to disappear in his house at the sunset gun. Or he can busy himself at his own tasks. In the first months of his exile Gualino therefore decided to write his memoirs. The book has just appeared under the title, *Frammenti di vita*, and is a great success. It is not conspicuous for its literary merits, although Gualino published a book of verse in his youth and writes pleasingly enough, but its subject matter is fascinating. What kind of a life has this 'Cagliostro of industry' lived? What formed him, what brought him to the pinnacle of success? Not how he became richer—money always creates money—but how he found the way to wealth, is of interest.

He grew up in the north Italian industrial city of Biella. His stern father wanted to enlarge his jewelry business, but that would have meant borrowing money, and he did not like debts. His was a solid business house of the old style. The eight sons were to become business men too. But Riccardo, one of the youngest, was to go through the gymnasium. He would become a great professor, not a business man, thought the father, and he exhorted his older sons to provide for their younger brother, who would not be able to earn much money as a professor. When Riccardo heard what was planned for him he suddenly decided, at seventeen, to become a business man; he would not live in dependence. He therefore became an apprentice in the wood business with his brother-in-law in Genoa. Those were hard and bitter years. Then he went to Sestri on the Riviera, where he began to feel like a gentleman, with his fifty lire a month. After his term of military service he became a commercial traveler in the wood business. Like all other commercial travelers, he had to put on a prosperous air and entertain his provincial customers with jokes and bits of news. But he was uncommonly ambitious and industrious, and he did not feel that he was progressing. He quarreled with his brother and in 1901, at the age of 21, became the confidential clerk of a Milan wood-importing firm. He supervised purchases of wood in the Tyrol and Carinthia, thus serving his apprenticeship for his subsequent large financial operations. Through a cousin who owned a small cement factory he discovered the great possibilities of cement as a building material.

TO see things a quarter of an hour before anyone else—that, he thought, was the secret of success. Later on he was to see, an historic quarter of an hour before anyone else, the tremendous possibilities inherent in the mass production of artificial silk. But he was far from having progressed that

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far yet. First he became an agent for both domestic and foreign cement firms. With his first savings he established a wood and cement business of his own in a small place. Conditions were favorable, and he soon made a success of it. He sold wood in large quantities, and produced cement in a big plant. He was now twenty-five years old, taking big chances, and putting a new impetus into business. But the danger of overproduction appeared and he founded the first Italian cement trust, to regulate production. But he did not yet know—and did not learn till he was exiled—that 'nothing is more dangerous than to concern one's self in a business way with a commercial product from production to consumption.' Stinnes's vertical theory, the passion for doing everything, revenged itself on him later.

Shortly before the War he entered the biggest kind of international business. From the Rumanian government he obtained a concession to exploit the immense Transylvanian forests near the Hungarian border. He established huge sawmills and laid railroads for removing the wood. When he had got that far he sold the whole business to an English financial group headed by Sir Austen Chamberlain, but retained control. Then he obtained similar concessions in Russia and whole settlements sprang up as if by magic. The fever that was driving him on compelled him to enlarge his province still further. He acquired all the undeveloped land lying along the Neva near Saint Petersburg. He had laid all his plans and a high officer of the Russian General Staff was his partner. He would build the Russians a splendid new modern city, and make hundreds of millions for himself. An English consortium was also interested. Then, the day before the cornerstone of the new suburb was laid, his Russian partner telephoned him from the court of the Tsar, telling him that he would have to leave at once to catch the last train out of Russia. The World War had broken out. Big guns were planted on the site of his great sawmills in Russia and Transylvania. He lost his land in Saint Petersburg, and the Bolshevists did not acknowledge his claims.

But Gualino did not consider himself ruined, although he had lost practically everything and was burdened with huge debts at home. With newly borrowed money he threw himself into the shipping business, which was experiencing a big war-time boom. He chartered transport ships wherever he could lay hold of them—in Italy, Mexico, North America—and made enormous profits. He also did well on the Stock Exchange, as he himself admits. He was a born war and inflation profiteer, with an almost uncanny ability to profit by the turn of the market. Reverses never dismayed him, although he often suffered from them severely.

When the business wind changed and artificial silk became the thing of the hour, the Snia, which had been founded for marine undertakings, turned in the twinkling of an eye into the Snia-Viscosa. He had bought a tiny factory and the manufacturing patent for Viscosa from some Frenchmen, and in a few years he owned the biggest artificial-silk factory in Europe. At the very beginning he built a plant capable of producing

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100,000 kilogrammes of artificial silk a day, but the actual production never rose above 60,000 kilogrammes. Looking back, he thinks that time would have justified his enormous plans. But in the meantime these plans cost his stockholders hundreds upon hundreds of million lire. And the millions that he still possesses to-day cannot be compared with the wealth remaining to him after he lost the Snia. A wretched bankruptcy had to be announced shortly.

To be sure, he claims in self-defense—and his argument does not make an unfavorable impression—that he could have got things going again if he had not been so suddenly removed from the scene of action by his arrest. But the Oustric scandal had just been discovered.

Neither his book nor any other source makes it clear just what crime he committed. He did not forge bills of exchange, or defraud, or do anything libelous according to bourgeois laws. He is just as guilty and just as innocent as any other big speculator. It cannot be proved that he has committed any criminal act; he is simply a modern Cagliostro, a speculative profiteer, or perhaps just a big speculator. Nor was he tried in the ordinary way, since there was obviously not enough evidence. He was treated like a troublesome political foe and sent into exile as an economic danger.

There he dreams of the brilliant life that lies such a short distance behind him. He is reading in his exile the lives of the saints, of Paul, and Augustine, and Hieronymus, but his life will not end in the cloister, for vitality is his strongest trait.

J. L. GARVIN

By HAROLD LASKI

From the *Daily Herald*, London Labor Daily

THE ENGLISH SUNDAY would be incomplete without Mr. Garvin's weekly homily. Who is there who does not look forward to his turgid eloquence, his formidable array of coruscating adjectives, his enviable certitude on all themes secular and religious, his vigorous advice to the statesmen of the world? He has made his weekly thunderstorm a national institution. In an age when editors are mostly anonymous, and usually unknown, there can be no quarter in which public opinion is canvassed that is unaware of his personality.

Mr. Garvin is one of the few living journalists who can, and does, say what he likes. Where Massingham, A. G. Gardiner, and a host of lesser figures paid the ultimate price for their sincerity, he has managed to keep the right to frankness. It is rarely easy to agree with him. Variability is his passion, and one never knows from one week to the next who will be his favorite statesman, or what his favorite theme. This week he may plead for a national government; next week only Mr. Lloyd George may be able

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to save us from disaster. To-day France may threaten the security of Europe; next week she may show that graceful insight into international need upon which our salvation depends.

And it is all done with incomparable verve and gusto, with a passionate note of intimate conviction and a defiance to the world to disagree with him that makes it impossible not to like him. For he has really great qualities. In the first place, he is superbly generous. He cannot do anyone a bad turn, and no one is quicker to do a friend a good one. When Mr. Massingham was driven from the *Nation*, Mr. Garvin instantly placed his columns at his disposal; and this despite the fact that they were in complete disagreement on principle. And this is only one of a score of similar tales that every journalist in Fleet Street can tell. Could better evidence of a great heart be wanted?

Mr. Garvin, moreover, really plays fair. He may lose his temper, and being an Irishman he will lose it fairly often. He will put forward the most outrageous ideas with childlike simplicity. He will be taken in by the personal fascination of Mr. Lloyd George even unto seventy times seven. Bolshevism will make him froth at the mouth. Trade unionism may be wholly alien from his understanding. But you may count on Mr. Garvin never to attribute unworthy motives, always to be eager to comprehend, and completely ready, if need be, to recant where he has been mistaken. What he writes he believes, and he writes always, however madly, in the spirit of a great gentleman.

His mind, I think, is rhetorical rather than rational in character; and there are certain principles the mere mention of which simply hypnotize him. 'Empire,' 'tariff reform,' 'nationalization,' 'unity'—when he hears these even from afar, there comes a light into his eyes, and he begins to speak forthrightly like a prophet of old. He has frenzies of ardor and hate. The words at such moments come tumbling over one another red-hot from his emotional crucible. And, in such a mood, his page in the *Observer* reads like nothing so much as the sermon and prayer at a Welsh religious revival combined into one. Indeed, I have sometimes wondered if Mr. Lloyd George's unending fascination for him does not lie in the latter's power to make his perorations read like extracts from unpublished Apocrypha.

I doubt whether Mr. Garvin has a real or coherent policy to recommend. His interest is in slogans rather than in concrete or systematic realities. He rarely thinks precisely or definitely. His mind always bends to sweeping generalities; he has a passion for exhaustive eulogy or unlimited invective. Things are completely right or wrong, white or black; he never sees them in that gray which detail or fact as a rule requires.

He writes always as Perseus freeing some Andromeda from the dreaded beast; you cannot stay on those occasions to count the scales on its tail. And, like a true journalist, he has the happy affectation of omniscience. He will decide for you the problem of gold, the minorities in Poland, the issue of nationalization in the mines, the right policy for Austria or Australia, Belgium or Brazil, with an equal certitude. There is a dashing bravado

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about it all which reminds one of nothing so much as D'Artagnan in the heyday of his youth.

FEW people are better companions. Perhaps he is too much a monologist fully to appreciate conversation as an art. But he is a real delight at a dinner party. His sweeping gestures, the great roll of his voice, his reckless volubility, his fine capacity for sudden anger, his hearty praise and hate are all of them delightful. You cannot meet him for an evening without the sense that he has discovered the secret of eternal youth. He has the heart of a boy. There is an adorable immaturity about his enthusiasms, his splendid recklessness about fact, his power to lay down an eternal truth at a quarter past eight which he flings thunderously overboard (and quite unconsciously) at half-past ten.

There is (thank heaven) no pedantic nonsense about consistency about Mr. Garvin. You have only to hear him roll out the title of 'Professor' as an essay in invective to know that little matters like logic have never deeply troubled his mind. He has a real genius for friendship because, with all of his emphatic nature, he has an innate respect for personality. He is a good person to work for—always loyal, quick to recognize good work, with a real talent for encouraging advice. He can make the young feel immediately at home, because he never mistakes antiquity for experience. He can take dissent even if he fights it; and he genuinely respects an uncompromising foe. What he dislikes are the mealy-mouthed, the mugwumps, the unco guid. He would have quarreled unendingly with Lenin or Trotski, but there would have been uproarious joyousness in the conflict.

He has a real passion for beauty. Love of the countryside, hatred of urban squalor, fierce anger at the mean commercialism of those who profit by our slums are inherent in his nature. Also, he has a superb taste in letters. There are few people whose judgment of a poem or a fine piece of prose I would sooner trust. There are not three people alive who know more about, or better appreciate, the real greatness of Edmund Burke, in whose old house he lives. Had things turned out differently, he might have been a fine critic, not perhaps in the delicate manner of Leigh Hunt, but with the sturdy masculinity of Francis Jeffrey. And, like all who care for literature, he is quick to give a full sample of the wares of him whom he eulogizes.

I believe that Mr. Garvin performs a great service to the present generation. He has made the *Observer*, with the *Manchester Guardian*, an example of what journalism can be at its best. His paper has the spaciousness of freedom about it. It may be hideously wrong; it is never concerned meanly to suppress. You may disagree with what he reports, but you never doubt that his editing is the work of a civilized man. Convince him of wrong, and he will arm himself for a crusade. Show him the right, and there is no energy he will not expend on its behalf. He is prejudiced, limited, oratorical, easily blinded by passion. But no one who knows a man when he sees one can refuse him the tribute of affectionate admiration.

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Jacinto Benavente

By Francisco Lucientes

Translated from *El Sol*, Madrid Liberal Daily

DON JACINTO welcomes me in person, and I am glad to see that he has not changed. It is the public that has changed. His quick smile, smooth speech, and elegant serenity are the same as ever. They have not altered since the days of *Para el cielo y los altares*, or since the time when the dictatorship was against him, or since he talked in San Sebastian, or since he was called a reactionary. To-day he plays at being an *émigré*.

Don Jacinto is talk incarnate—opportune, polite, and irritating talk. The humblest question arouses his interest.

'The Constitution, you say?' Don Jacinto breaks into sardonic laughter as he repeats the question. 'But, my dear fellow . . . Legally, it may be a great monument. But actually, in the reality of Spain? I don't know. Laws in themselves are nothing. They are obeyed or they are not obeyed. A really good nation does not need laws. It is a matter of education rather than of politics. We must educate the bottom layer of society rapidly. Yet those on top seem to need education even more than those below, for, after all, the healthiest and most prudent element in Spain is the masses. But without more education the country will stay the same, whether its laws are good or bad.'

'Have you noticed any change in customs since we have had a Republic?'

'Unfortunately, no. We are only living under a third dictatorship. And we have had enough dictatorships. This is a parliamentary one with the spirit of a public-health department. I am not afraid of radicalism, but we have had enough dictatorships.'

'If socialism triumphs will Spain find its solution?'

'To tell the truth, I don't believe so. Few countries in the world are so ferociously individualistic as ours. Spanish socialism errs too much on the side of rigidity. It lacks logic and flexibility. The masses make me much less pessimistic than their leaders. If only the examples of Norway, Sweden, and Belgium would spread! When one sees the behavior of Spanish socialists one cannot believe that similar groups in other countries are inspired by the same principles.'

'Will the Republic become consolidated, Don Jacinto?'

'Yes, when it is purified and stops dreaming of exterior enemies. The enemies of the Republic live in its own bosom. Only yesterday it was a mark of decency to shout, "Long live the Republic!" but now all sorts of incompetent and dishonorable people have climbed aboard the bandwagon. And there they stay. I recommend a general house cleaning. I lived through the previous Republic of 1873.'

'Is there any difference?'

'Yes, this one is better. We have progressed a little.'

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'And you, Don Jacinto, are you still a monarchist?'

'I was and am a monarchist, a monarchist by conviction. I believe that the monarchy is better adapted to Spain than any other form of government. Yet I know that "ideally" the republic is the "ideal" government. What has occurred was destined to happen and, furthermore, I loyally state that it is absurd to dream of a restoration. The conservative classes of Spain, who are stupid and egotistical, have deserved a terrible lesson. No one can undo it. To-day I should vote for Comrade Pestaña, the Syndicalist, rather than for a monarchist.'

'Did you know Don Alfonso personally?'

'Yes, I was at the Palace many times. On some first nights he used to have me come to his box. He was very amiable and always gave me the impression of a sympathetic, well-meaning man, but I also felt that, like all kings, he was surrounded by very inferior people.'

'WHAT do you think of the solution of the religious question?'

'It seems just. The Spanish Catholics deserve everything that is coming to them. Persecutions will purify Catholicism, which has degenerated greatly. Above all, I am a friend of liberty. Intolerance disgusts me, whether it is red, black, or blue. The evils of Spain are nourished by our ferocious intolerance. Freedom of worship, for instance, has become a terrible problem here. Some years ago I fought for such freedom and for divorce with what means I had at my disposal. I remember the indignation I aroused in Seville, where I could not convince the Andalusian women, although my reasons were very clear. I said to them, "When lady devotees go from here to England they have to have their own little mass and sermons in the heart of London, in their own cathedral, too, a cathedral that is unequaled in Spain for its liturgical splendor." As for divorce, there was no way to convince them that it should be available to those who wished it.

'The truth is that no Catholic public exists in Spain. We have only intolerance and fanaticism. People worship images of a Christ or a Virgin and become excited by mere plastic forms.'

'What do you think of the women and their political triumph?'

'I like it. Feminism deserves to triumph because women, even those in inferior positions, have undoubtedly always been superior to men, and if they improve. . . !'

'Are you attracted by politics, Don Jacinto?'

'Hardly. I have been a deputy, and to tell the truth I found nothing but rhetoric. I listened to hundreds of speeches without getting a single idea. In "my" Cortes, back in 1918, the only man who gave the impression that he knew what he was doing and talking about was Cambó, the former finance minister under the monarchy. I do not know the men of to-day very well. Indalecio Prieto, the Socialist minister of public works, is a friend of mine in spite of my jokes, and I knew Prime Minister Manuel

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Azaña as a fellow member of the Ateneo. He is a man of great culture and decision. Besteiro, the president of the Cortes, seems the most able of them all. He is doing very well at an almost superhuman task.'

'What do you think of the intellectuals' work in the Cortes?'

'What is there to say? You can see what they are doing. They are like ladies at *risqué* plays who keep getting up and saying, "This is becoming very coarse. We must go. This is not suited to us." On the other hand, I think that they will do better as diplomats; great painters and writers have made excellent ambassadors, Rubens, for instance. France does the same thing, though Paul Claudel drives the Paris newspapers to distraction. They think he is more occupied with his poetry than with affairs of state.'

'What do you think of the future of Spain?'

'We may succeed if we have a government under Largo Caballero, the Socialist minister of labor. Our present instability is due to heterogeneousness. If Caballero forms a government it will be flexible. To yield at the right moment is to govern. Lenin was a man of iron, yet he knew when to yield. So did MacDonald. Many realities count more than ideas. I once made a caricature that represented a nation in ruins, full of gibbets and corpses. It was called, "The Triumph of an Idea." That must be avoided. Nevertheless, I am not surprised at the present turn of events. I said in San Sebastian that the first years of the new régime would be dictatorial. But the parliamentary régime must endure. It is an unavoidable evil. Let us thank God that we have not got something much worse.'

'Thank you, Don Jacinto. Are you still firm in your intention not to write any more?'

'No, of course not. It simply happens that every day it becomes harder for me to write comedies. The theatre is a costly business. The responsibility for a failure is tremendous. Writing a play to-day is the economic equivalent of building a bridge or a power station. The same amount of worry is involved. And what if the bridge falls or the dynamo does n't work? I shall write books or articles. I'm getting old and must amuse myself. The theatre requires too much nervous energy, and the public does not know what it wants. There is always intolerance, on one side or the other.'

Obviously, Don Jacinto has not changed. Politically he is interested only in fighting intolerance, and, if intolerance does not come to Don Jacinto, Don Jacinto goes to intolerance. It is his life and work. Those who try to classify him fail to see his strength. Perhaps he would be much better understood if he carried with him a calling card that was engraved, 'Jacinto Benavente, uneasy bourgeois.' Nothing more.

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Here is a hitherto unwritten chapter in recent British history translated from a magazine that was suppressed by the French authorities. A postscript by the editor explains the whole story.

British Secret Service Secrets

By XAVIER DE HAUTECLOCQUE

Translated from *Le Crapouillot*
Paris Topical Monthly

HAS THE FALL of the pound and the financial decline of Anglo-Saxon power, which is perhaps more apparent than real, sounded the doom of the British Empire? That, in a few words, is the problem that has been preoccupying the statesmen of two hemispheres for some months past. To hazard a prophecy we should have to summon the aid of a Bossuet, a Lenin, or perhaps even of God himself. Therefore, let us guard ourselves against issuing an encyclical on the subject. We shall do better to confine ourselves to the one aspect of the problem that is most unfamiliar.

'The British Empire is the result of a secret and secular policy. This policy is inspired by an intangible, sacrosanct, redoubtable doctrine that regards war, peace, revolution, and every kind of agitation on the planet as mere contingent happenings.' This doctrine, inherited from ancient Rome, is called imperialism.

What is English imperialism and how has it revealed itself since the War? Like everything that bears the Anglo-Saxon mark, English imperialism is both mystical and realistic. It is a materialistic religion that may be summed up in the following syllogism: (a) the supreme end of every civilization is to assure a just distribution of the world's wealth and hence to control that wealth; (b) the most perfect form of civilization is the English; (c) in consequence, England rightfully controls the wealth of the world, using three implements: her fleet, her banks, and secret diplomacy. These premises being accepted, the following corollary at once arises: there is no room in the world for two imperialisms of this kind; every rival imperialism must be reduced to impotence as fatal to civilization.

Do not say that I exaggerate. This proud programme has been almost completely realized. Everyone knows that the British navy holds Gibraltar, the key to the Mediterranean; Suez, the key to the Red Sea; Singapore; Hong Kong; British Honduras, the key to the Panama Canal; Cape Town, the key to

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the Indian Ocean; and the Orkney Islands, the key to the North Sea. In short, the British fleet still holds all the key positions in world maritime commerce.

The financial architecture of our neighbors is less familiar. Democracy does not exist in England, nor is there that condition of banking anarchy that characterizes French finance. There are two groups of banks, but they are not rivals. Each has its own field and the two work together solidly. One group consists of the 'Big Five,' the five banks of deposit, which openly support the big political parties. The other group is composed of eight private banks. These divide the financing of world commerce and world industry by continents. Hambro's, for instance, controls the Mediterranean basin. Six of these banks are under the absolute control of the Bank of England, only two of them being free lances. This means that they, together with the Big Five, enjoy economic omnipotence.

Let us recall a few facts. His Majesty Edward VII, the most authoritative of British sovereigns, had, as his intimate friend and sole counselor, Mr. Ernest Cassel, the most disturbing banker in England. The British prime ministers are obliged to spend their week-ends at Chequers on an estate owned by the Sassoons, who are members of the Rothschild family. Sir Philip Sassoon, the representative of the British Rothschilds, was simultaneously the parliamentary secretary of the war-time dictator, Lloyd George, and private secretary to Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, commander-in-chief of the British army in France.

Imagine what a similar situation would mean in France. M. Édouard de Rothschild would be secretary to Marshal Foch and to M. Briand. M. Poincaré would be obliged to live with Finaly, the banker; and Paul Doumer, the President of the Republic, would receive daily instructions from M. Oustric. What a tumult, what virtuous indignation would arise from our frog pond. But the Englishman is not indignant. He approves. The reason is that capitalist imperialism cannot be made a going concern under any other ægis than that of plutocracy—and I am not using this word in the usual slighting sense.

FINANCIAL power means nothing if it is not backed up by means of defense and coercion and by sources of information. A rich people that is disarmed and ignorant of world affairs is doomed. Facts prove it. The fleet is the means of defense of the British plutocracy. Its means of coercion and its sources of information reside in its marvelous secret diplomacy. We do not use the word 'spying,' for that would be inadequate. The secret diplomacy of our neighbors is known as their 'Intelligence Service.' Let us examine some of its curious and essential features. Close relations are maintained between high British banking circles, influential politicians, and the Intelligence Service. Here are three typical instances among many. Take Winston Churchill, the fiery ultra-Conservative leader who used to be a cabinet member and may be again. Mr. Winston Churchill is a creation of the banker, Ernest Cassel, whom I have already mentioned. He is the son-in-law of Sir H. M. Hozier, who founded the Intelligence Branch of the War Office in 1873. May I add that, at the present time, Winston Churchill is looked upon as the spokesman of the Intelligence Service in the British Parliament?

Take the case of Mr. Lloyd George. The Liberal leader had, and perhaps still possesses, as confidant and adviser, Sir Philip Sassoon, former secretary to Field Marshal Haig. Sir Philip Sassoon's agent in the Intelligence Branch

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of the War Office was his relative, the famous Captain Rothschild whom Lord Alfred Douglas accused of being involved in the Jutland stock-market scandal. Had this plan been carried out, it would have worked as follows. The English Admiralty and the Intelligence Branch of the War Office, although precisely informed as to the course of that naval battle which resulted in driving the German fleet off the high seas, would have at first published an exaggerated account of British losses. In consequence, British securities would have at once slumped on the New York Stock Exchange, and German securities would have risen. Then the whole process would have been violently reversed when the Admiralty revealed the happy truth about the engagement a few hours later. Of course, in the intervening period, enormous sums would have been gained by speculators, and the proceeds of this speculation would have provided the Intelligence Service with a war chest of funds. The affair was laid before British courts and a prudently doubtful verdict was given. Finally, there is the case of Reginald M'Kenna. As chairman of the enormous Midland Bank, the former home secretary had at his disposition the no less celebrated Sir Basil Thomson, who in 1926 was regarded as the cleverest chief of counter-espionage on record.

Lloyd George, the clever Welshman, had used his years of complete power to populate the Intelligence Service with Liberals. The Conservatives reacted with extreme violence. Everyone will remember how the first MacDonald cabinet fell in 1924, when the Zinoviev letter was published. The Conservative Baldwin cabinet that followed MacDonald vigorously purged the Intelligence Service of its unorthodox elements. The first victim was the Liberal, Sir Basil Thomson, head of the counter-espionage department, who was dishonored in 1926 by a scandal that was as odious and ridiculous as it was alarming. The 'unforeseen' events that recently occurred in the British navy and that went unpunished were perhaps not absolutely 'unforeseen' by the Conservative Party and its secret assistants. In any case, it seems that 'accidents' like this and the Zinoviev letter will be able to shipwreck any cabinet that is not oriented in a purely imperialistic direction, in other words, Conservatively.

ALL religions must be intolerant because their *raison d'être* consists in imposing on others the truth that they believe they possess. This is true of English imperialism, which is a social, economic, and financial religion, and which cannot admit the coexistence of other imperialisms. The Anglo-Saxon cult of the ego is inevitably translated into the axiom, 'myself first, and, after me, whatever may be left'—that is to say, whatever may be left in the way of gold, petroleum, rubber, cotton, corned beef, tea, opium, banking commissions, seagoing freight.

If we drew a map showing the events that have upset the world since the War, we should be indicating the sore spots of the world, the perpetually dangerous zones. It is a bizarre fact that in each of these zones British interests are at stake, whether it is a question of defending an acquired position or attaining a new one. Often we see English secret agents appearing on the scene but disappearing immediately.

The first disturbance zone is Soviet Russia. It is not astonishing that England, whose Empire is attacked from one end of the world to the other, should defend herself on the excellent principle of attacking the enemy on his own ground. It can be emphatically stated that since 1917 there has not been a single anti-Bolshevist conspiracy

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that England has not provided with both money and leaders.

The second disturbance zone is French mandated territory and protectorates, such as Syria and Morocco. French newspapers have worn themselves out discussing Colonel Lawrence, an English agent who is not one of our friends, but whose real importance is somewhat exaggerated. We have heard much less discussion of the rôle played by the English consul, Smart, in the Druse revolts, when thousands of French were massacred, and of Mr. Gordon Canning, a Secret Service officer, in the Rif War, when tens of thousands of French were killed. It seems that Mr. Gordon Canning met his comrade, Lawrence, in the Rif, which these gentlemen were providing with money and munitions. Our neighbors and 'allies' are not interested solely in maintaining order in French possessions. Indeed, we note with regret that Herr Hitler's staff contains an important member of the British Intelligence Service, a man whom our courts found guilty of espionage under particularly infamous conditions.

The third disturbance zone is every point where English and American interests come into friction. Volumes would be needed to describe the gigantic brawls in the course of which millions of men fire on each other, suffer pangs of hunger as a result of dumping and boycotts, and dance like puppets on strings pulled by Wall Street and Throgmorton Street. His Imperial Highness, the Prince of Wales, went to South America on a commercial mission. He came back to England empty-handed. But wait—no sooner had he returned than an epidemic of revolutions broke out in the South American republics, four of them in six months, each one directed against a government friendly to the United States. Then three counter revolutions occurred. The Monroe Doctrine emerged from the battle with only a few feathers lost. As a continuation of the tragi-comedy, the Chilean fleet finally issued a little pronunciamento dear to the heart of the British chargé d'affaires. Coffee, corned beef, locomotives, airplanes, ammunition, sewing machines. Will the English or the Yankee have the upper hand? Certainly there are enough reasons for the South Americans to kill each other, and, by way of interlude, there is always something happening in Venezuela and Mexico, those happy countries where petroleum spouts in geysers. For the fact is that two imperialisms cannot exist at the same time on the face of the earth.

I AM afraid that I shall be accused of exaggeration and that people will ask, 'Where can one find individuals who are capable of directing such tremendous battles from behind closed doors?' In England such people are to be found in every walk of life, but the important posts are held by first-class men. Of course, the political officers, the members of the Indian Civil Service in Central Asia, possess only moderate importance, though they enjoy great honor.

Here let me merely mention a few leaders. I have known two of them personally. One is St. John Philby, the uncrowned king of Arabia, a forbidden country that is really an English fief three-quarters the size of Europe. I have corresponded with others, and it is easy for me to make a list of them. Here are a few chosen at hazard.

The journalists include Sir Paul Dukes, who was born on February 10, 1889. He is a specialist on Russian affairs, having studied in the Petrograd Conservatory, directed the Imperial Russian Opera, headed the British Intelligence Service in Soviet Russia from 1918 to 1919 (when, I believe, he was condemned to death), acted as

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special correspondent of the *Times* in Red Russia, and lectured in the United States and Canada. He retired from active life after his marriage in 1922 to Mrs. Ogden Mills, the divorced wife of an American magnate and a daughter of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt.

Then there is Sir William Maxwell, former editor of the *Daily Mail* and a chevalier of the French Legion of Honor. He surveyed the German fortifications at Borkum and the first work that was done on the Bagdad railway. During the War he was a section head of the Secret Service.

Then there are a number of women, among them the beautiful Mrs. Joan Rosita Forbes. It cannot be explicitly stated that this charming and intrepid aristocrat is a member of the British Secret Service, but she has rendered it memorable service. Her explorations in Arabia, which she knows better than Lawrence or even Philby, her marvelous journey through southern Tripolitania, where she brought English messages to the head of the terrible Senussite sect, Sidi Mohammed el Idris—these are exploits unparalleled in audacity. It should be added that Mrs. Joan Rosita Forbes is a remarkable writer.

Miss Gertrude Margaret Lowthian Bell discovered oil in Irak before the War, which amounted to making a present worth billions of pounds to her country. During the War, at the peril of her life, she played an important rôle as an English spy in Arabia. She died while holding political office in Bagdad, and she, too, was a writer of the first importance.

Then there are the military and naval officers. These include Admiral Sir William Reginald Hall, who was the director of the Intelligence Division of the Admiralty War Staff throughout the War. He was the greatest genius on the Allied side, according to President Wilson and Colonel House. He directed from afar that bizarre Room Number 615 in the French Ministry of War building whose history is still to be written. He it was whose still unrecorded intrigues caused the entry of the United States into the War. He is now an agent general of the Conservative Party.

Vice Admiral Hugh Francis Paget Sinclair was the successor to Admiral Hall as the director of the Naval Intelligence. He was the mysterious chief of the world anti-Bolshevist movement. Nobody knew the address of this curious man, who could be communicated with only through the British Admiralty.

Lieutenant Colonel Edmund Vivian Gabriel, who has received many orders, is one of the unknown masters of British India. He was political officer with the Prime Minister of Nepal in 1908, political agent at Baghelkhand in 1910, and political agent at Bundi in 1912. During the War he was a General Staff intelligence officer in Italy and later in the Ægean. Perhaps no European knows Asia and its impenetrable mystery better than Sir Vivian.

No need to extend the list further. If we were to compose an *Almanach de Gotha* of the Intelligence Service we should have to include the names of great industrialists, fatal women, unreliable journalists, and venal politicians from all over the world. And it would be a long list.

THE essential English interests, which are the best hidden of all, seem to be in good hands. One final question arises. It is impossible to study the Intelligence Service without asking whether it has a chief. Undoubtedly it has, but he has never been identified. Men who have devoted their lives to this provoking enigma believe that the English 'spy system' has always had a deputy or legal representative on the

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continent of Europe. Lately this rôle has been attributed to Sir Basil Zaharoff, a high dignitary in the French Legion of Honor.

This Zaharoff, this really unknown figure, this mystery man of Europe, has caused torrents of ink and even larger torrents of blood to flow, notably in the Greco-Turkish War in Anatolia. We should not mention him at the conclusion of this essay if the hazards of journalism had not revealed his obscure silhouette in an affair of great importance. In order that this affair may not be consigned to oblivion, we relate the following sequence of events as a help to future investigators. The subject is the steel cartel.

This cartel was formed in 1925 and 1926 by the metal industries of France, Belgium, Luxemburg, and Germany. Allied enterprises such as the petroleum, hydro-electric, chemical, and artificial-silk industries hastened to join it. The European federation was becoming a living reality before it had been proclaimed in words.

It seems that the English industrialists were not able, or did not want, to join this cartel. The inevitable result was a savage economic war. The Franco-Belgian-Luxemburg metal industry pitted itself against the English Vickers-Maxim group animated by Sir Basil Zaharoff. Celanese, the English artificial silk (artificial silk is what munitions factories manufacture in times of peace), became involved in a struggle with Tubize, the Belgian artificial silk. And there were many lesser conflicts, which nevertheless involved millions of pounds.

The men behind the steel cartel were Prince Radziwill; M. Loewenstein, who controlled the Tubize company of Belgium and the Continental hydro-electric industry; and M. Mayrish, the great Luxemburg metallurgist. There were, undoubtedly, other characters who left no trace in the correspondence exchanged between Prince Radziwill and M. Loewenstein. Now let us add, without drawing any conclusions, the following facts. First of all, Prince Radziwill was having a violent dispute with Sir Basil Zaharoff over the Société des Bains de Mer in Monte Carlo. Prince Radziwill, the chief stockholder in this company, had excluded Sir Basil from the board of directors. The earnings of the company run into the millions. Moreover, the geographic position of the principality of Monaco makes it a desirable place to be influential. Secondly, M. Loewenstein was fighting a battle to the death with one of Sir Basil's friends, Mr. Dreyfus-Clavell, the dictator of the British artificial-silk industry. Now all three of these men behind the steel cartel died a violent death within a few months of each other.

Prince Radziwill was killed by a poisonous inoculation administered by a woman who was recognized as being identified with certain police and political circles. This woman was arrested, released, rearrested, and again set free through political intervention. When she was arrested for a third time she tried to commit suicide, and after she was condemned she spent her time in prison as agreeably as possible in the Saint-Lazare infirmary. M. Loewenstein fell from an airplane into the English Channel, but his brother-in-law's accusations of murder have had no consequences. M. Mayrish died in an automobile accident. The steel cartel has died, too. If you want documents on the projected European Federation, open the dusty volumes of the League of Nations.

Meanwhile, Sir Basil Zaharoff leads a stormy, gilded existence in Monte Carlo, the land of his defunct enemy. What next? Perhaps the pound has slumped to-day, but I doubt, in spite of everything, whether English imperialism has declined.

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Postscript

By Jean Galtier-Boissière

THE last number of the *Crapouillot*, consecrated to the English, fell victim to a series of utterly exceptional and supremely arbitrary police measures. At the order of the Ministry of the Interior, the Prefecture of Police forbade the display of this edition in Paris bookstores and news-stands. To the eleven hundred news-stands, whose managers are lessees of the city of Paris, an order forbidding display is exactly the same thing as a total interdiction to sell. The order was signed on the 6th of November. On the 10th of November all the post offices received a secret order to seize all copies of the *Crapouillot* placed in the mails.

In our schoolbooks, which boast about Republican liberty, the press censorship under the French Empire is described as abominable. Let me permit myself to point out that under the Empire the government was at least frank and courteous enough to warn the director of the paper that his publication would be forbidden or seized. Under the Third Republic the measures are strictly the same, but they are applied more on the sly. I received no official notification of the interdiction to display my review on the news-stands or of its seizure by the post office. For a week the *Crapouillot* stamped and addressed copies that the post office (which sells stamps) accepted only to send to the central post office at the Louvre, where they were promptly confiscated. There is no doubt at all that the English Intelligence Service under the camouflage of a harmless Franco-British association was responsible for the demand that the *Crapouillot* should be illegally seized. In our number entitled 'The English' we pointed out the power of the great Secret Service of English imperialism, and here, I believe, is new and undoubted proof of it. The British Intelligence Service has the power to forbid the sale in Paris of a French review that used to be published on the French military front.

It seems that the pretext given was the poor taste of certain caricatures that were published purely as documents and dated back to the year 1900. It is quite true that one of them was censored at that time, but since censorship is now officially suppressed it is just as absurd to forbid a caricature because it was censored thirty-one years ago as it would be to invoke the famous ordinances of the press promulgated by the Polignac Ministry in 1830, which led to a revolution. Happily, the *Crapouillot's* reputation for complete independence won for it, when it was cunningly assailed and when an attempt was made to gag it, a multitude of devoted friends in all classes of society and in all parties. The indignation against this intolerant abuse of power was general.

Something extremely rare in the annals of the press occurred. The hue and cry that was raised extended from the Communist *Humanité* and the Socialist *Populaire* to the reactionary *Ordre* and Royalist *Action Française*, including all intermediate organs of opinion. Faced by this unanimous reprobation and menaced by two protests, one from M. Dumat, a right-wing Paris deputy, and the other from M. Guernut, a left-wing militant who belongs to the League for the Rights of Man, the Ministry of the Interior retreated, and, still without informing me, released the copies in all the post offices. I read in the newspapers that the man who had signed the order for these copies to be seized, 'fearing reprisals,' had summoned police protection.

AS I am writing these lines, the interdiction against display, and therefore

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the virtual interdiction of sale, is still enforced in Paris. These measures directly affecting the liberty of the press are not only arbitrary; they are exceedingly dangerous. Alfred Oulman has expressed the matter admirably in the *Petit Bleu:* 'It is up to the Government to admit that it made a mistake. It was a mistake for many reasons, one of the chief reasons being that it created a dangerous precedent. If to-morrow articles or cartoons directed against some foreign nation are published in French periodicals, and the representative of the nation attacked demands satisfaction, what will the Government do? How will it be able to reply that the press law forbids it to exercise any kind of sanction? French newspapers at this moment are not prevented from publishing cartoons for or against the Spanish Republic, for or against the German Government, for or against Mussolini. Some of these sketches are scorching. If protests from abroad were answered by our replying to the ambassadors of Germany, Italy, Spain, or other countries that our press law does not allow the Government to take any measures, would not these ambassadors reply, "But you took measures in the case of England"? That is why the precedent becomes extremely dangerous.'

The kind of little boy who wants to receive an apology at all costs seems ridiculous to a great nation like ours, and, besides, the British press was not prevented from grossly attacking France and its successive governments, especially when our finances were in bad shape. In 1926, when the franc was descending vertically, the tone of the English newspapers was particularly offensive. And do not get the idea that this tone changed when England implored the assistance of the Bank of France to tide it over a difficult period. Here is a typical commentary from the English press that appeared in the *New Statesman and Nation* of London:—

'France is like Gibbon's weak emperor, strong through fear. Her system is founded on fear, and calculated to perpetuate itself by fear. The system has won a temporary stranglehold on Europe, like the earlier Bismarckian system. But, if the Germans are ruthless in victory, the French are short-sighted; to them moderation in victory is abhorrent.'

As for the caricatures that are appearing, not in the advanced reviews but in the popular newspapers, here is a typical example. A satirical cartoon in the *Evening Standard* of London represents Laval and Briand as doing nothing while the whole world is in pain and suffering. This drawing is entitled 'The Al Capones of Europe.' Who is Al Capone? An American proprietor of several hundred bawdy houses who is responsible for half a hundred murders and who is known in Chicago as the 'Emperor of the Underworld.' Al Capone is the great transatlantic prostitution magnate, the symbol of turpitude and crime, whom a jury, though intimidated, finally sent to the 'big house' after thousands of scandals. I have not heard that His Excellency M. de Fleuriau, French Ambassador in London, has begged the British Government to seize the *Evening Standard*, not for having reproduced caricatures drawn during the Hundred Years' War, but for identifying the two chief French ministers with ignoble gangsters.

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Here is the last word on the pre-war policies of the German Empire. The author has just completed a history of the ex-Kaiser's reign, using material that has never before been made public.

How Germany Was Encircled

By KARL FRIEDRICH NOWAK

Translated from the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten*
Munich Conservative Daily

BETWEEN 1890, when Bismarck was dismissed, and 1905, when the Treaty of Björkö fell through, Germany's tragic destiny was unquestionably determined. The theory that Germany was systematically encircled from the start by a group of hostile opponents cannot stand up under objective historical research. The rôles played by Russia and by England in particular have hitherto almost always been represented incorrectly. The alliance with Russia, whose significance has been overemphasized, could actually never have been renewed, even if Kaiser Wilhelm and his advisers had been willing. The diaries of Count Lambsdorff show how opposed Tsar Alexander III was to coöperation with Germany. Professor Uebersberger, now the foremost authority on East European history, rightly asserts that the whole Russian people opposed any alliance with Germany and that the Tsar had to accede to this opinion, even though he secretly wanted to form an alliance with Germany. In connection with the hopelessness of Russo-German coöperation, it should be remembered that as early as 1890 Russia was on good terms with France, and was trying to form an alliance with her. The Tsar supported such a policy in any form it might take, and historians must completely revise their attitude toward this period if they want to have their work taken seriously.

The fact is that neither Russia alone nor Russia and France together offered Germany any hope at all and that Germany's only possible future lay with England. For England represented the great and tragic solution for Germany during this period. Documentary research and study of secret ambassadorial dispatches that are now secreted in the state archives at Vienna, together with detailed information that English statesmen have given me on this subject, all prove that between 1898 and 1901 England was working with firm determination and perfect honesty to enter into a real alliance with Germany. In the face of this fact,

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all the distrust of 'perfidious Albion' that is so popular in Germany falls to pieces.

Of course the English were not suddenly overcome by romantic love and undying friendship for Germany. Their desires for an alliance were determined by practical business interests, which England, in a completely egotistical way, wanted to exploit profitably. Lord Salisbury, a statesman of the good old English school, distrusted Germany, having had many experiences that had disillusioned him, and between 1899 and 1901 he still clung to his belief that England should not enter any alliance with Germany. But the determined Joseph Chamberlain, a modern man of affairs, devoted all his immense energies to attempting to conclude an alliance. He believed that the combined forces of England and Germany would be able to achieve world mastery. In his mercantile way, Chamberlain saw that in order to win over Germany he would have to make colonial concessions to his new friend. He therefore dreamed of an utterly new world constellation in which he hoped that America might also be included. He spoke of his plans openly to Bülow and later announced his intentions in a great public speech. Finally, he turned to Kaiser Wilhelm. All three of these efforts had the same result: he was three times publicly humiliated.

A COMPLETE study of the whole epoch shows that the persons solely responsible for the failure of an Anglo-German alliance were Prince Bülow and Holstein. Research also proves that the only person on the German side who supported the idea of an alliance with England in any form and who always advocated co-operation with England was, surprisingly enough, Kaiser Wilhelm. This is surprising because Kaiser Wilhelm was not without mistrust for England. This distrust was caused by two factors. First, Prince Bülow, in relating the English offers, told him a pack of lies and concealed certain essential facts. In the second place, the Kaiser was influenced by certain curious dispatches, which my book made public for the first time, pointing to British activities in Turkey. During the three years in which England was trying to draw closer to Germany and in which she suffered three humiliations, Germany was being surrounded by a ring of hostile powers that she was later unable to break.

The first man to recognize the tremendous danger was, again, the Kaiser. Prince Bülow to the contrary, the Kaiser opposed any defiance toward France, was bitterly hostile to Bülow's experiment of having him disembark at Tangier, and, having recognized the final loss of English support, tried to open up some connection with Russia. His fears for Germany led him to Björkö. Up to now, the agreement of Björkö has generally been represented as a kind of comic-opera treaty, but the study of documentary sources proves that the agreement was prepared with the greatest care but that Bülow did everything he could to block it. He began by foolishly provoking France, Russia's ally, and when the treaty—which he did not understand—was concluded, he turned against it, although he had at first overwhelmed the Kaiser with congratulations.

My sources have opened up immense, completely new territory in respect to the great, essential, and disturbing details that determined the line that German policy followed in relation to England, France, and Russia. New shadows, too, are cast by the great figures of the epoch. Prince Bülow has disclosed his own activities in his memoirs, but a study of actual

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documents and the testimony of his contemporaries—German and British statesmen, German and foreign diplomats who gave me their material—reveal an utterly different Bülow to posterity. It is an amazing fact that this apparently brilliant conversationalist, who always had the right word and the appropriate quotation, was a man lacking in vision and originality to an extent almost unprecedented in history. The phenomenal thing about Bülow is that he was able to fool everybody so completely—the Kaiser, the people, the press, the Reichstag, all of whom were taken in by his rippling speeches and never suspected how empty his head was. Count Monts, a most intelligent ambassador, told me how he once spent a whole hour trying to convince Bülow that Italy would have to be bound to England because England controlled the Italian ports. Bülow contradicted him over an issue that any schoolboy with a map of the Mediterranean could understand. Perhaps Prince Bülow's brother was the only man in Germany who saw through him. Count Monts told of the bitterness of this brother because of the Chancellor's oratorical skill, and of the baths that the Prince used to take when he was minister to Bucharest to strengthen his lungs.

To-day we know that Bülow knew only one thing, how to steer a middle course. We have also come only recently to understand that the way he steered a middle course was what brought Germany to disaster. If our new sources damage Bülow's reputation more and more, they also surprise us by adding to Caprivi's. Of course, party prejudice still prevents a real and just valuation of men and events, but it is amazing that a man like Caprivi can have been thought of for forty years as a mediocre, always obedient general, whereas new historical sources prove that he was a real statesman and certainly nothing for Germans to be ashamed of. We have only just come to realize this fact, although British statesmen have known it for a long time. And still more surprising is the figure cut by the Kaiser.

ANYONE who attempts to judge Kaiser Wilhelm without prejudice must never forget that this monarch now has no power, and that it is therefore a cheap triumph to blame him for everything. Also, one must not be misled by the outcries of various professional politicians, who naturally have to damn everything about the Kaiser, whether it is good or bad, false or true. But if one pays attention only to what the Kaiser actually did, one comes to the conclusion that Kaiser Wilhelm had defects and good qualities, weaknesses and sources of strength, like any other man. Since he was a person of remarkable intelligence and of great temperament, his positive and negative elements are more conspicuous than his moderate elements.

In his attitude toward England and in his political conceptions, the Kaiser always saw more clearly than his advisers. Not only did he see more clearly, but he was the only person who always retained a just perspective. That he yielded to Prince Bülow, that he did not dismiss the fourth Chancellor sooner, that he bowed to the Constitution when it would have been a good thing for Germany if he had carried out his own desires, that he indulged his inclination to wield absolute power only in nonessential details—that was his greatest error. The question is not whether absolutism or constitutionalism was the right path for German statesmanship to follow. The point is that it would have been better had the Kaiser put through his own superior convictions relentlessly.

But Wilhelm II's weakness can be

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explained and largely forgiven. He felt bound to respect the Constitution of the Empire he had taken over from his grandfather. Bismarck had persuaded him not to take an oath to uphold the Constitution, since the word of the king would be sufficient in itself to guarantee the Constitution. But the Kaiser felt that his word was as good as his oath. He bowed to the Constitution even when he disagreed with his advisers. In his opinion, public opinion and the Reichstag were the decisive factors.

Prince Bülow stood tremendously well with both public opinion and the Reichstag, neither of which opposed him. On the contrary, they praised him to the skies, lowering their eyes and bowing down in his presence. The Kaiser had named Bülow chancellor because he thought that he was the best man available. His first misgivings came when England joined the Entente Cordiale. After Björkö came the first feeling that Bülow should be dismissed, in spite of the fact that the Kaiser had felt depressed when Bülow had attempted to resign. For the Kaiser could not ignore the strong support that public opinion and the Reichstag gave the Chancellor. Among the many mediocre individuals who surrounded the Kaiser, Prince Bülow always stood out as the chosen representative of the German people. The Kaiser, the court, the press, all the parties, everybody saw him in this aspect. The leaders of public opinion and the Reichstag leaders were chosen by the people, and if the Kaiser had acted in an absolute way he would have had to oppose the people's choice. Therefore he treated the Chancellor constitutionally. He reconciled himself to accepting the Chancellor and whatever public opinion and the Reichstag supported. It was not he who ruled, but Bülow, Holstein, the Reichstag, and the public. No resentment of to-day can destroy this deplorable fact. If any strong case can be made out against the Kaiser, it is that he was not active enough in opposing the Reichstag, public opinion, and Prince Bülow.

ALL this presents that epoch and its leading characters in an entirely new light. The task of investigating the sources for my book, *Deutschlands Weg in die Einkreisung*, was most fatiguing. The Kaiser himself made available to me all the recollections, writings, and experiences that he possessed. This was a dangerous as well as a rich mine of material, for every one of his statements had to be proved. This proof lay in published documents, in ambassadorial dispatches, in complete questioning of individuals who were known to be familiar with the material concerned. German, English, Russian, and other important figures had to be consulted about the facts.

The Kaiser has often been accused of having a bad memory, and of describing what happened as his fancy now depicts it to him. This is the simple line of reasoning taken by certain lazy people who want to dispute Wilhelm II as a source of material because they have no documents and no real answer to his case. One example will show how absurd it is to say that he has a poor memory. The Kaiser one day told me about his attitude in a certain affair concerning which he wanted to inform the old Emperor Franz Josef and which he claimed he did communicate to him. I found no documentary support of this and believed that, since the incident had occurred in 1890, the Kaiser had made a mistake. I finished my first volume without going into the matter further, but one day my labors on *Deutschlands Weg in die Einkreisung* brought me upon a communication from Kaiser Wilhelm to Emperor Franz Josef which lay

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among the secret papers of the inner state archives in Vienna. Word for word this letter corresponded to what the Kaiser had related to me, forty years after the episode had happened. In the numerous sources drawn upon in my book the diligent reader will discover for himself how completely the Kaiser's statements are supported by documents, letters, and communications from statesmen and leading personalities.

Now let me say a few words about how the book came to be written. For years I refused to undertake it. Supporters of the Kaiser had conceived the idea, but the Kaiser was not in sympathy with it because my book about Field Marshal Conrad von Hötzendorf had upset him. Furthermore, I myself had all too little inclination for the work, since I had other labors in mind and knew how I should be attacked if I dared to leave a hair on the head of a dethroned monarch in place. General Hoffmann, with whom I was very intimate, then opened the way for me to reach the Kaiser. I still drew back, but a universally known statesman of the Kaiser's period, with whom I am also intimate, said these harsh words to me: 'In any case, people will attack, criticize, and malign you. Some, because they are malicious; others, because they have brains like sheep and cannot look at historical things without bringing in politics. To-day your books are read all over the world. You have a chance to draw upon the greatest source of history in Europe and include it in your work. A historian who passes by such an opportunity is no historian. You must do it.'

The Kaiser decided, in spite of his disapproval of my book about Conrad, to invite me to visit him in Holland to talk about preparing a history of the Third German Empire. I politely wrote back that I would undertake the work only if I were subjected to no kind of censorship whatever. My labors began as soon as I reached Holland. The Kaiser did not once try by a single word or in any other way to influence my work or its appearance or circulation or the publishing house that I selected without reference to its political opinions. I can remember only one sentence that he wanted altered. It must be remembered that I have portrayed all the weaknesses of the Kaiser as clearly and accurately as his positive qualities. No sensible person will deny that he has the same right to be objectively described that August Bebel or Stresemann has. History is not politics. Historical facts cannot be portrayed from a propaganda point of view. The truth is neither democratic nor conservative. It is only the truth, and therefore unpleasant to a great many people. But it has one consoling virtue, that it finally survives in spite of all hostility. And the enlightened, unprejudiced reader forms his own opinions according to the contents and character of any work.

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D. H. Lawrence or Aldous Huxley? Which will be the acknowledged leader of the present generation of British writers? Mr. Connelly outlines their rival claims and reaches a startling conclusion.

Under Which KING?

By CYRIL CONNELLY

From *Life and Letters*
London Literary Monthly

LIFE AND LETTERS has always seemed to me too catholic a title. How much more fascinating is the incompatibility between them, the strangle grip one seems to exert on the other. They are interwoven, interlocked, inseparable, two wrestlers each with a thumb in the other's eye. They may not always have been on such bad terms in the past, but the discrepancy seems universally present in modern writing. In the brain of every young author there is a partition, on one side of which a budding Lawrence thumbs his nose at an as yet inglorious Huxley. Let us take two emotions, the love of life, the hate of letters, and see if an equation can be established between them.

Why do some writers hate literature? Why did Maurice de Guérin say that there was something inherently vulgar and repugnant in that career? There seem to be two sets of causes: those that derive from the nature of authors, those that come from a defect in literature itself. First of all, on the writer's side, is his physique. The majority owe their bent to some disability that has forced them back on their minds, segregating them from their fellows, and from the pleasures of life. Homer and Milton were blind, Virgil and Arnold Bennett stammered, Dante was exiled, Byron lame, Kipling unable to enter the army, Lawrence consumptive, Joyce half-exiled and half-blind, Huxley shortsighted and anæmic, Conrad a Pole. There hangs about the career of letters some of that taint which attaches to the handiwork of the mutilated, to the toys and bags and raffia work whose manufacture the War has rendered a male industry. Sometimes the disease is no more serious than spinsterhood, or the writer, without any serious defect, is sickly and awkward, perhaps an only child. At school he is bad at games, is mildly persecuted, retires to the school library and 'finds himself'—horrible trove!—in Innisfree. Of all forms of consolation literature is the most treacherous; it is when we try to lean on the classics that we poison either our appreciation or

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our taste. Thus most writers have not been passed fit for the business of living, and this, since for that reason many of them admire action, accounts for their partial dislike of each other's company, for though one may alternate between pride and humiliation at one's own deformities, it is impossible to enjoy seeing them reflected in other people's.

A second reason is the 'gentleman complex.' This, I think, is felt acutely by everyone who writes except those who do so purely for self-aggrandizement, for they are usually aristocrats. I do not mean that every author wonders if he is a gentleman or not (though I imagine he wonders more than the members of any other profession), but that he feels that there is something ungentlemanly, a lack of reticence, in the act of writing—there is a nausea implicit in the young man laying bare his soul. He wags his stump at the passer-by, and how ably he collects the pennies! For reticence is a quality that one can love while lacking, and those who make the most fuss about the ignominy of print are they who exploit themselves most harrowingly in what they publish. And if it is not themselves, it is other people, their loves and friendships, they will burn where they have adored, but they will not burn old letters. The vulgarity is inherent both in self-expression and the salesmanship dependent on it. A writer is like a successful snob: however charming he may be now he is at the top, we know that it is not by charm alone he got there. The book we praise, and whose success he so courteously disclaims, is the result of innumerable emotional slug tracks left on bits of paper held together by a crass sense of his own importance.

WE have seen how the writer is often an exhibitionist and a crock; it remains to add that he is usually a charlatan. For writing is an exacting and overcrowded trade, a sweated profession, and nobody can continually give his best to it. Literature and journalism are hopelessly entangled: a poet spends his spare time reviewing and is judged by what he reviews; the recreation of a good writer is not gardening, but writing as badly as somebody else—and he is up against a press of fashionable people who want to write and others who write in order to be fashionable. Literature is not a pure trade; one does not go into it because one likes it, as would be the case with the College of Heralds. When a writer is born it is because he is born scrofulous, otherwise the freak of English education thrusts literature upon him. Every young man plays the part of the drunken beggar in the play. He wakes up to find himself a king, whisked off to a throne where his wish is law, where money hardly matters, where he has infinite leisure to learn how to live and to read, where he is the pet of parents, teachers, tradesmen, told that a Balliol scholar has the world at his feet, that a member of the eleven never wants for a job. Suddenly he is thrown out: the spires and towers recede, the dream is over, and he wanders into literary journalism while waiting for a tutorship. The seething mass of struggling and articulate young men at the bottom, the vast rewards to those at the top, the adulation accorded to celebrities, the rot that they write, the uneasy line that divides amateur from professional, artist from critic, the love of glory from the love of self, make literature as bad as politics, the noisiest, the most passion-ridden of all careers—no wonder a fastidious mind will turn away from it.

And lastly there is the worm in literature itself: the great classics do not keep—Tasso, Ariosto, *The Faery Queen* —they flake away like the libraries

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that house them, the language ripens like a Stilton till suddenly the mould, the precious mould, is only dust again. 'Le sort fatal de la plupart de nos ouvrages est de se faire imperceptibles ou étranges. Elles s'affaiblissent sans remède, elles voient s'évanouir l'une après l'autre toutes leur chances de plaire et choir tous les supports de leur existence. Enfin la matière même de parole est transformée sans se transformer. Elle perd ses rapports avec l'homme. Le mot vieillit, devient très rare, devient opaque, change de forme ou de rôle. La syntaxe et les tours prennent de l'âge, étonnent et finissent par rebuter. Tout s'achève en Sorbonne.'

In our own literature, as in M. Valéry's, we have seen a whole vein—the vein of whimsey—go bad. Large chunks of Izaak Walton, of Keats's letters, of Emerson, of Thoreau, of 'crude, fantastical puff paste,' the *Essays of Elia*, the letters of Stevenson, all the charm of those professional charmers is now rancid as the oil on Aaron's beard. Literature, the bellwether of the arts, resembles some gilt-edged American stock, which, after being quoted at an abnormal, an impossible elevation, is now, with vast holdings liquidated, more shares thrown every day on the market, circling down to new low levels which, though regarded as rock-bottom, are still inordinately pegged and bolstered. After all, the boom in literature came in after the War with a surfeit of militarism and disappointment with religion. Now politics are preparing the former's come-back, and science is restoring the other.

AND what of life, of the love of it; how far is that stimulated by rejection of the mind? Are we nearer to understanding the great refusal Rimbaud made, the bitterness in which Sir Walter Raleigh died? The War, which gave such impetus to letters, also seemed to be restoring paganism, the sense of the brevity, the precariousness, of living, of the satisfactions which the senses could obtain. Firbank gives the true expression of this movement, but the credit has gone to Lawrence. For Lawrence, though a moralist, a preacher, was an anti-intellectual. Though he could not tolerate six of the seven deadly sins, could be as donnish and priggish about idleness or gluttony as the worst type of subhuman academic taste-monger whom he so detested, yet his obsession with sex, his religious appeal to the belly rather than the brain, was something horrible yet fascinating to the highbrow. And to the highbrow Lawrence has done enormous harm. We have seen how physical disabilities, dyspepsia, impotence, anæmia, have sent so many writers down the primrose path; we must now imagine the effect on them of Lawrence's attempts to drag them back. The unfortunate highbrow, saved through the senses, learns to recite not 'Cogito,' but 'Copulo, ergo sum.'

For the real disadvantage of Lawrence is that the nearer one approaches his ideal of happy and intelligent paganism the less one wants to write. Writing is an accident arising out of certain favorable bad conditions: I am not appreciated, I am ill, bored, unhappy in love, envious. I can either write about all this (the Huxley intellectual reaction) or I can talk it off, walk it off, drink or sleep it away. Lawrence, advocating the worship of the body, advocates all the nonproductive alternatives to taking up the pen. And, worse than this, besides suggesting such sterile forms of self-expression to someone discontented with the present, in preaching paganism, a philosophy that satisfies man with his lot, he automatically destroys the imaginative desire to create a better world—a philosophy that en-

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courages normal appetites, encourages normal satisfactions. You cure the oyster of making a pearl. And this is what I owe to Lawrence, what paganism has done for me. Always I admired the Huxley school, I was an intellectual, proud of my isolation, the books I read; I was bitter, uncompromising in my hatred of the world, unhappy in love, unsuccessful in affairs. I seemed to be sitting in one of those old-fashioned Turkish baths, my head awkwardly but triumphantly protruding out of the cabinet, the rest of me ignored and submerged in the shifting clouds of the world's steamy horror. Then I read *Pansies*, and *Lady Chatterley*, I conquered my inferiorities, and behold me now. Envy is gone, for I no longer see anyone I do not like; happily married, I cannot bear the mention of love in literature, and half of my curiosity depended on a search for sex; by reputation a satirist, I rack my memory in vain to think of somebody I hate. There is a beaming emptiness in my head. I scowl, I try to consort with intelligent people, but eventually my face will give away my secret, that the serene, bovine indifference of my newly acquired normality shelters me from intellectual effort as adequately as my newly acquired blubber shields me from the cold.

And not only is the indignation gone that enabled me to excrete my gem—I know too well the folly of the culture pearl—as the piece of matrix artificially introduced for the oyster to form a pearl around is easily detected by the expert, and in value is rather less than half. In vain I seek to inoculate myself with distress and hate. Lawrence, dying of tuberculosis, and with the invalid's delusion of sunshine and sexual grandeur, could preach the pagan equilibrium of normality with perfect ease. He had never, like me, to regret his old productive unhappiness, to call to his friends, already abandoning their pregnant sorrows for round, happy faces, 'Go back, go back,' he had never to wish he was a highbrow, like Mr. Huxley, again.

And surely that is what Mr. Huxley must be wishing too, for he is the prize convert of Lawrence, the sacrificial heifer, he whose almost-recantation is as important as Mr. Eliot's sleep-walking totter from the Waste Land into the Thomist family pew. For there is no doubt that Rampion very nearly triumphed. It needed all Mr. Huxley's skill as a novelist to prevent *Point Counter Point* from being a shapeless tribute of admiration, in which the other characters were reformed as well. It is a novel with a hero, and that, like my own horrible health, is 'un état très grave, qui présage rien de bon.' And with Huxley fell many of the lesser angels. Just as in a former generation worldly and irreligious people were forced to go to church, where they rendered lip service to an unpalatable culture, now the bookish intellectual is compelled to doff his hat in the red-light district, to spend all day in the sea, to make or paint little pots, to go to stuffy *bals musettes* and admire the sentimental Toulon sailors as natural men. He, who has such a bad digestion, must eat heavy stews with garlic in them, and drink bad wine; he who thrived on the inspiration of unhappy love must roll with anxious fisher-women. In vain it is said in Lawrence's favor that he would abolish the love lyric and the dirty story; half our poetry is the one and a good deal of our prose is the other: *South Wind*, *Antic Hay*, *Sorrow in Sunlight*—literary obscenity, refined yet scabrous, has played the major part in their composition. Lawrence may still do great injury to letters. Here, for instance, apart from their Ramsay-Baldwin coalition, is the true opinion of a Huxleyite on Lawrence, which, to see the worst of both worlds, we may compare with that of an

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unrepentant Lawrence back-bencher on Huxley:—

I. 'WHAT is Lady Chatterley's lover except the figure of a man so whittled down by female artifice that there remains nothing or almost nothing about him that can conceivably interrupt or dilute a woman's pleasure? He is the personified pleasure instrument, but he is also at moments a personification of the extraordinarily vindictive and nasty-tempered under dog who comes bounding up the easy incline of the English social system as often as its predestined mistress, the disappointed, fretful, mind-hating daughter of middle-class solidity, opens her bedroom door and whistles. . . . And so the triumph of the under dog proceeds, the yard dog "in my lady's chamber," sometimes on the bed, sometimes under it, prudently out of sight. As a corollary, we are privileged to witness the downfall of Lady Chatterley's husband, his friends and interests, and the odious way of life that he represents. He is a mind (poor man, what could he be else, paralyzed from the hips downward?) sitting up in bed and tap-tap-tapping on his typewriter. Yes, he writes, manufactures stories, reads a good deal, reads Proust. He talks and talks; he "lacks warmth," Lady Chatterley divines. When he moves it is rationally, not instinctively; when he feels, his emotion is more often than not centred in his head. His bowels and his stomach have been relegated to the supervision of his digestive and eliminatory processes; the sceptre has passed from them. He degenerates—that is to say, his intelligence begins to get the upper hand. And the trend of it all, the general conclusion? Why apparently, for the blackleg philosopher into which Mr. D. H. Lawrence is here so hard at work transforming himself, the index of a man's value in this woman-ruled universe of his is the number, so to speak, of pleasure units, so many electrons, so many calories, with which he is able to supply the female—which would produce, I am afraid, a decided intellectual and spiritual predominance of negro bandsmen and South American dancing partners under the constitution of Mr. Lawrence's new revolutionary state.'

II. 'To me Huxley is the lowest denominator, the most dangerous to a sane man's world of humor and love and drink. He is the type of intellectual whose attacks upon all the things worth living for are most insidious because he conceals himself—perhaps from himself—behind a respect for them. The disguise is thin. Everything exposes him as one thwarted of the warmth of his own blood and devoted therefore to a dog-in-the-manger defense of the bourgeois paradise where the generative principle will be consummated in a test tube. Rosie (*Antic Hay*), Mary (*Crome Yellow*), Mary Thriplow (*Barren Leaves*) are charming girls. They are charming for many reasons, but principally because they climb into our senses warm from kissing. How he despises them! He is always ready to insult them, to show how essentially mean, trivial, false they are, how paltry fundamentally their thirst for kisses. He discredits everything about Rosie, even to the way she talks. All she does is contemptible. But Ethel, the pure girl, the worse than Dickensian monstrosity of sentiment who sleeps naked all night in Gumbril's bed without demanding a fulfilled caress, melts the intellectual to a treacly, adolescent sadness. Not Rosie, but himself, he exposes. To his hatred of easy-kissing wenches add his hatred of the *bon viveur*—Mr. Cardan and Bidlake. He has only one kind of chuckling tittle-tattle about them—that they do not exist in a consuming love of life, but in a disintegrating fear of death. How

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he loves to drag them face to face with death, to rub their noses in it. How he detests men who can be warm-living and drunkards. Naturally, since for him whiskey is the grand emetic. But when he thinks of Old Gumbril and Mr. Porteous, the poor, white-haired, virginal, devoted scholar, the unearthly one, his sobs choke him; he laughs at the cruel irony of the world with a hollow scorn worthy of Mrs. Wood. All the people who love life he makes slightly pathological. He announces the bourgeois disgust of life in the almost disarming terms of a love of life, and all the time he is showing that life is worthless, a mechanism of mean reactions, not humorously mean, but worthless even for laughter. Huxley is the true prophet of bourgeois day-dreams.'

WELL there—how well they write, Mr. Peter Quennell, Mr. Brian Penton, and how much they care! It is impossible not to agree with them and cry, 'A plague on both your houses'—for such a plague exists. Already Lawrence has betrayed the finite sensual paganism of the Old World by the introduction of Aztec phallic religion—human sacrifices, visions, trances—he is a witch doctor, a bogy man. And Mr. Huxley, his protagonist, how he is turning to spooks and mysticism, toward the idea of a Toward, the new scientific religious expertise—faintly at first, but now not so faintly, he trusts the larger hope.

This, then, is the conclusion: everywhere the individual seems doomed; it matters not whether he loves life or letters, individualist though he may think he is; his leaders will betray him, abandoning that longed-for equilibrium of mind and body, that poise of Aristippus, for Buddha, for Quetzalcoatl, for Communism, or the Pope of Rome. We live no more in the heroic age. The strain of being one's self, of thinking, and living, as one's self, of making one's own decisions, is too great. It was fun, perhaps, in the close world of Rome and Athens, when slaves were slaves, and the gods were on your side, or in the anthropomorphic Utopia of the Renaissance, or under the intelligent deism of the eighteenth century, when men still thought themselves neither unimportant nor ugly. But now the bleakness of the modern world is killing it, the stars are against us, as are our ideas of the universe, the vastness of space, the futility of common sense exemplified by the laws of physics, the machine age, the economic dependence of our lives, the struggle for our bread:—

> The world is taking little heed;
> It plods from day to day,
> The vulgar flourish like a weed,
> The learned pass away.

How can we manage such an exacting, ardent, and dangerous creed as the old-fashioned belief in the divinity of man? When I am really elated to read that all tourists are to be excluded from the new Congo National Park for fear the gorillas might imitate them, how can I, or anyone else, be expected to plunge into the business of living like Lawrence or thinking like Huxley—and who are we to blame Lawrence for ceasing to live or Huxley for wishing not to think. La bêtise latente se développe! The sentence seems scrawled across the sky. Capitalism, the foster mother of both literature and the knowledge of how to live, is lapsing, and while we compare the one to the other, sneaking our warm beds, our three meals a day, we should be prowling around, alert and diffident anarchists, ready for the first of the seven trumpets that the Revelation has promised us—for at this moment we may hear the unctuous more-than-mortal voice of some angelic announcer —*appropinquante mundi termino.*

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Norway's greatest woman novelist, who won the Nobel Prize for literature a few years ago, expatiates on the character and history of her native land.

MY Norway

By SIGRID UNDSET

Translated from *Pester Lloyd*
Budapest German-Language Daily

SOME TIME before the Great War, perhaps thirty years ago, two Turks who were studying and traveling in Europe ventured as far as Oslo, or Christiania, as it was then called. Hassan Pasha and Tewfik Pasha wanted to visit our public schools. Even then the schools of Norway had hot-water radiators, ventilation, and all kinds of technical improvements. A big manufacturing company had therefore taken the two Turkish guests in hand.

At that time I was a young stenographer working for this firm. My employer was able to converse with Hassan all right, because Hassan spoke German, but the only language Tewfik knew besides Turkish was French, and my employer did not understand French. I certainly cannot pretend that I understood it much better, but I was able to chatter away gaily and recklessly and my employer therefore took me on as an interpreter. While the two Turks were waiting for the automobile that was to take them to the station my employer asked them many intelligent questions, this one among others: 'Tewfik Pasha, what has impressed you more than anything else during your travels through our country?'

Tewfik Pasha looked through the big office window with his dark Oriental eyes and watched the rain as it poured down in torrents outside. A February storm was beating against the glass. The birch tree at the corner of our establishment was whipping the air with its slender branches. The wind was whistling shrilly against the gutters of the building and the broken icicles. After a short pause the Turk answered, and the tone of his voice told me how he felt in spite of the fact that I knew almost nothing about the Orient at that time: 'That people live here.'

Hassan Pasha and Tewfik Pasha had been treated to the usual sumptuous midday meal, but they had seen nothing on their way there except slushy streets, gray melting snow, and an endless forest of dripping fir trees.

They had come by steamer from Bergen, making their way through storms and blizzards the whole length

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of the coast. Every time they came out on deck they saw the same scene: the gray-green sea rising and falling, the white foam of the surf as it broke on bare islands and rocks and on bleak coastal promontories, and low-lying clouds and fog that concealed the mountain peaks. The storm beat heavily against their ship, hardly allowing the smoke to escape from its funnel. They were tossed violently about in a heavy sea and were concealed in a thick mantle of odorous mist. The coast was dotted with little storm-beaten, rained-upon towns; the meagre stretches of cultivated land lay withered and yellow, and the houses looked poverty-stricken. . . .

'That people live here.'

Yet people have lived here for thousands of years. They have earned their daily bread on the sea, in the mountains, and in the forests. They have worked hard on small strips of farming country surrounded by steep stone mountains. Their lives have been full of trouble and care. What can foreign tourists, gliding across the mirrorlike surfaces of the fjords in the glittering summer sunlight, with vast mountains rising to their right and left into the blue heavens, know of our ancestors' difficulties?

Anyone who travels through Norway by automobile to-day often sees beside the firm highway an old abandoned road overgrown with grass. It will follow the main road for a while and then disappear, losing itself in the mountains. It is a relic of the old highway that ran up hill and down dale, skirting every rock, for when it was built dynamiting had not been discovered. The little Norwegian horses with their husky legs must have had to work hard, and many travelers must have been inconvenienced. Yet there are still people alive who in their youth saw sailboats setting out for the North Sea at the beginning of the fishing season. For at that time all the Norway fishermen went up to the Lofoten Islands in open boats to fish. Professor Anton Brögger, a modern Norwegian student of folk history, has wisely stated that Norway's history is divided into four periods—the stone age, the bronze age, the iron age, and the motor age.

As one of the most extensive and thinly settled countries in Europe, Norway possesses only a few architectural monuments. There is a good reason for this. In the Middle Ages Norway belonged to a united, Christian Europe. At that time art flourished here, though the artists themselves are nameless because their work was deeply rooted in the people. Their power of expression streamed from the people through them. This creative power left its imprint on us in the form of buildings and pictures, poems and music. Then came the spiritual earthquake of the sixteenth century, the Renaissance and the Reformation. Norway was cut off. It became a land apart, and lost touch with the spiritual life of Europe. Much later our increasing world trade again brought us into contact with other countries.

OUR land lies solitary and apart. Miles of forests and mountains separate the various settlements, but the sea, with its thousand tongues licking into our indented coast, does not separate us; it binds us together; it brings distant things close to hand. The settlements along the fjords are neighborly, but the settlements in the inland valleys lie apart, each one being sufficient to itself.

High in the mountains that surround the farming valleys, where Oslo lies deep in the innermost corner of a fjord, the forests begin. Standing on the top of Frognersaeter, one surveys an endless expanse of forests, stony eminences

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surrounded by trees, lakes, and rivers. Little solitary farmyards lie buried in the forests. Mountains look down on the red roofs of the city of Bergen and on the old jetty on the Vaag River. Only on the Trondhjem plateau have we any wide expanses of populated country—little peasant farms that are well cared for, and splendid big estates. The architects and manual laborers of Norway had a difficult task constructing livable houses for the inhabitants of this land. The little southern towns —Grimstad, Arendal, Tvedestrand, and Risör—enjoyed their best days when the sailing vessel was in flower.

There was not room enough anywhere for extensive community building, but a nation of seafarers had learned on board ship how to utilize every square inch of space and how to keep every corner spic and span. The little brightly painted houses have steps leading up to them, and their red stone floors are polished to the last corner. The older dwelling houses are often tiny masterpieces of a small-house architecture that understands its forms. The shipbuilder's hand reveals itself in them, and the trained market gardener has provided them with their proper setting.

The farmyards of the peasants are little economic units, each one self-sufficient. The people of earlier times had a sure feeling for purposefulness and beauty and knew how to choose the most suitable sites for their houses. An old Norwegian farm is an indivisible, solid unit like nothing else on earth. Carpenters and joiners labored with love and care, and their crowning achievement was perhaps the storage barn, which sheltered all the earthly goods of the family.

A veneration for good, honest work and competent achievement, for fearless fortitude in the face of a hard struggle for existence—this virtue made the people capable of maintaining life in barren Norway generation after generation, century after century. And because of this veneration the people still had surplus energy to devote to the spiritual achievements that have made Norway's name great throughout the world.

Through struggling against the powerful forces of nature the Norwegian people have created the economic and moral foundations on which their cultural life rests, and on which it must rest through all time. Foreigners often have a rather vague idea of our historic past. They think of Wagner's operatic heroes, striding sublimely about, warbling alliterative phrases in bass or tenor voices. But the graves of our ancestors are peasants' graves, where the dead rest surrounded by their weapons and their tools.

In the Li farmyard in eastern Gausdal stands a stone bearing a Runic inscription written in the tenth or eleventh century. It reads as follows: 'Eiliv Alk brought fish into Lake Rau.' It is a monument to the man who brought young salmon into an inland lake in the mountains that had no fish in it. How many of our mountain lakes may have acquired their valuable fish from some such provident hand as that of Eiliv Alk in the old days?

High walls of broken rock often lie along the ridges of the hills, built by peasants who had turned up the stones during their ploughing. Anyone who has seen a recently cleared piece of land in a Norwegian mountain settlement can perhaps get some idea of what labor and care have been expended by generations of the native folk. The stone walls in the fields are monuments in honor of these peasants' labors, and we are proud of them as symbols of our past.

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BOOKS ABROAD

MAL D'AMOUR. *By Jean Fayard. Paris: A. Fayard et Cie. 1931.*

(Edmond Jaloux in the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, Paris)

IN awarding their annual prize to *Mal d'Amour*, the members of the Goncourt Academy wanted to call attention to a beautiful book by a really young writer and also to protest against certain criticisms that have been thrown in their faces for having chiefly favored eccentrics, men born to obscurity. But, when we pause to reflect, the decision of the Goncourt Jury has another significance. We have reached an important turning point in our literary history. The years, 1930–35, are going to be extremely important. They are going to constitute a pivot in our spiritual evolution. For we are witnessing a rebirth of what might be called naturalism, along with a survival of the pseudo-lyrical post-war literature. The Goncourt Academy has chosen this year a book representing the best tradition of the French novel, a tradition to which *Claire*, by M. Jacques Chardonne, and *Saint-Saturnin*, by M. Jean Schlumberger, also belong. These three books have no connection with each other viewed spiritually. But look at them all at once and you will detect a vague family resemblance if you contrast them with the novels of Julien Green, on the one hand, and Drieu la Rochelle, René Crevel, and Montherlant, on the other, and with the work of a third group: Jean Giono, Philippe Hériat, Pierre Herbart, and Robert Poulet.

Furthermore, you will find that Jean Fayard has a great reverence for facts, for ordinary observations. This is what links him to the traditional French novel as it was written by the Abbé Prévost, Alphonse Daudet, Stendhal, and René Boylesve. Foreign writers are more keen to emphasize the exceptional element. The Anglo-Saxons prefer hallucinations to reality. The Russians push psychology to its utmost limits. The Germans look upon life as a pedagogical evolution. The Scandinavians conceive of man as the highest form engaged in the struggle against the elements, against society, or even against himself.

You will also find in *Mal d'Amour* that moderate, quizzical, resigned, courageous wisdom so typical of our moralists, along with much spirit and nonchalant grace; likewise a balanced feeling for love that is all our own. At which point we come face to face with the problem Jean Fayard treats. His book is peculiar in that it offers us a love story similar to those that were written before 1914 treated from the point of view of the post-war generation. I believe that it is the first book of this type. In the next five years you will see how often this example will be followed. It is a kind of honorable amends, a kind of vengeance that misunderstood love takes. It might also be called the confession of a child of the new century, and, if De Musset's hero suffered because he believed in love too much, Jacques Dolent, M. Fayard's hero, suffers because he does not believe in it enough. The Greeks believed that the gods punished every excess. Both Musset and Jean Fayard virtually justify the gods.

It is true that Jacques Dolent is a very young man and therefore rather inept at love. The really great passions belong to maturity. Goethe, perhaps, never really suffered except with Ulrike von Levetzow, whom he met at the end of his life. It can therefore be said that Jacques Dolent's case is rather general.

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Note well that Jacques Dolent on the whole is a fine fellow, well brought up and even delicate, as we see in his embarrassed, scrupulous relations with his mistress's official lover. Yet he has an utter dryness, a special kind of brutality, not to put the matter more strongly, that makes him resemble the usual hero of a post-war novel. The new element in *Mal d'Amour*, the difference between this book and those that preceded it, resides in what it reveals, in the hero's repentance toward his attitude, or at least in his anxiety toward phenomena of another character.

JACQUES DOLENT is a young soldier garrisoned in Strasbourg who thinks about love. His ideas about it are like those of all the young men we have known, like those of René or the hero of *Mlle. de Maupin*, and he freely confides in one of his comrades who is a good Catholic and who is therefore engaged to a provincial girl with whom he is in love. Jacques Dolent meets three charming young ladies of the flapper type. After imagining that he loves them all, he suddenly perceives that he is very much in love with one, Florence Duthard, who is the mistress of a very great English painter, whom M. Fayard presents to us as being a man in the same class with Manet and Whistler. The girl's character is admirably described. She is a flapper of the type that Henri Duvernois has depicted, which does not mean that M. Duvernois has influenced M. Fayard, but that these two writers have tried to depict the same kind of model. She is also charming, and Jacques Dolent is obliged to admit that she has many fine points, in which we agree with him, although she has not the same literary tastes as he.

Jacques ardently desires Florence, gladly believing that he is really in love, and at the beginning of their affair he shows that he is sincerely moved. But he soon grows bored, or, rather, adopts an increasingly embarrassed and ironical attitude toward his love. But he has experienced love, and M. Jean Fayard expresses the situation very prettily: 'Love was the anxiety that followed after his senses were appeased. It was the intensification of the feeling of human solitude to a point amounting to agony. His body was perfectly calm. His head was satisfied. But he was suffering in his soul for the first time, or at least he was suffering in what we call his soul, which means in his most chaste senses.' This final reflection is ravishing and most subtly psychological. But Jacques Dolent is light-hearted. In the early period of his love Florence stops at Orléans on her way from Arcachon to Paris to say hello to him. He does not even think of detaining her, and not until she has left does he realize that he could have spent the night with her. Finally Florence completely loves Jacques, who either does not know or does not care. He is even shocked by his mistress's flippant attitude toward her titular lover, the great painter, David Dougherty. Florence replies quite reasonably that he is not a great painter every hour of the day, and she says that some new remedy would do humanity more good than a new work of art. This puts Dolent beside himself. Charming, gracious, and spiritual as this story of a *menage à trois* is, this is not the newest element in *Mal d'Amour*, for we have often read descriptions of similar loves between a flapper who is really moved and an indifferent gigolo. But wait, the plot thickens. One evening on leave Jacques goes to a bar where he meets an actress who speaks ill of Florence. He urges her to talk, drinks a lot, and suddenly desires her. He knows that Florence is all-absorbing and he wants to show the actress his total independence. When he is almost completely drunk he telephones Florence, who was

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waiting for him, and without provocation shouts the following polite message into the receiver:—

'Hello, that you, Flossie? Invite me to come and see you right away. Flossie, I am a good fellow. I am giving you your chance, for the last time, understand? If you want to see me, I'll come. Otherwise, it is all over. There are other women beside you in Paris, and even in the world.'

After this he tells her that he is going to be unfaithful to her with the actress, Pervenche, who is a thousand times more beautiful than she, and he adds that Flossie is a little fool. He even goes so far as to hand the telephone over to Pervenche, who heaps the grossest kinds of insults on Florence. The next day, when Jacques's little access of tomfoolery has passed he is no longer very sure of himself. Florence writes him a nice, sad letter and does not see him again. Then Jacques perceives that for no reason at all he has destroyed a fine love and begins regretting Florence. He even suffers from her absence. She is in despair but is dignified and silent, and when Jacques meets her again he understands that everything is all over. She is going away to America with a new lover whom she has forced herself to love. Dolent falls into a state of sentimental melancholy and even real despair, like a Bourget or Maupassant hero. But Florence's lover is not successful. They both sink to poverty and she finally dies. And it is Dougherty, ever generous, who has her buried.

At the end of the book we find the three men who loved Florence, each of whom regrets her and searches for her phantom. Jacques is the only one of the three who has lost her through his own shortcomings. He lost her because he did not know how to love her, because he did not have the courage to be human, because he believed that love was a literary phenomenon that must be met with phrases and false irony. He sees the truth too late. The novel ends with wise, disenchanted reflections and even a profound and bitter observation: 'He found, simultaneously, serenity and senility.' For they are almost the same thing. And now is it clear what the new style of novel is and what sort of man Jean Fayard is, and what is the significance of the Goncourt Academy's verdict?

CLAIRE. *By Jacques Chardonne. Paris: Bernard Grasset. 1931.*

(Marcel Arland in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, Paris)

CLAIRE represents that point in an author's work and life when, laying aside almost completely the aid of fiction, he tries only to express his inner problem as clearly as possible. A mixture of pride and humility and an acceptance of self all the more moving because they come so late lead the writer to offer only what he believes to be truly himself.

This book does not come as a surprise from M. Chardonne; its advent has been more and more distinctly announced from *Épithalame* to *Éva*. It arrives at the right moment and the right place, and it explains more than one element in the books that have preceded it. Its tone is like that used in confiding a secret. It is therefore both because of its own value and because of its importance to M. Chardonne that we must hope that this book will be accepted and understood.

Claire has two principal characters, a dozen subordinate figures, and some scenes of passion and destiny. Yet it could scarcely be said that one is in the presence of a real story. *Claire* is the description of the emotional, intellectual, and moral world of a man from his fortieth to his fiftieth year. Characters, dramatic elements, the arrangement of the plot, even the tone of the book are subordinate to the amplitude and exactness of this description.

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'A novelist,' M. Chardonne might say, 'ordinarily makes his hero interesting by keeping him forever on the move, by not describing his thoughts and feelings, and by not calling in other characters except when they bear directly upon the hero's activities. I wish to make mine interesting by according just as much importance to his ideas as to his adventures, and not only to his ideas on such and such an event or character in the drama in which I have involved him, but on some question of social economy, on a passer-by, on a plant or a book.'

For my part, I do not think that a real novelist or dramatist neglects his characters' ideas. Of course he does not express them minutely, but he makes his characters live so intensely that their intellectual life is implicitly known and ready to declare itself if the reader is at all curious. What Emma Bovary thinks of *Indiana*, Julien Sorel of Talleyrand, and Orestes of happiness is not directly expressed, yet it is known to us just the same.

It is none the less true that the reflections of M. Chardonne's hero take up three-quarters of the book. Not that everything else is sacrificed to ideas and that ideas alone interest the author. They interest him only in the degree in which they proceed from his character; he has tried to show us their origin and to present them, not isolated like cut flowers, but in the conditions in which they developed. More exactly, the essence of the book is perhaps neither the hero nor his ideas but the mutual bonds and influences connecting them.

Some readers will doubtless be troubled by the fact that it is difficult not to attribute to M. Chardonne himself most of his hero's reflections. Now if M. Chardonne introduced as few fictional elements as possible into his work, he still had to introduce some precisely in order to prevent his readers from identifying him with his hero. This may cause some embarrassment, although I am not sure that it will not later give a new pleasure.

THESE fictional elements may constitute another, unexpected drawback. As a skillful workman, M. Chardonne has imbued these elements with a charm that he has not given to the elements of thought. A man meets a woman, loves her, and is loved by her. In vain does this beginning suggest only the most commonplace intrigue; M. Chardonne has described this simple drama in his most touching style. Various themes arise—that of perishing beauty, that of silence between beings who are closest to each other—themes that one expects to have treated as fully as they deserve. Of course M. Chardonne does not abandon them completely, but he turns to other tasks in which he wishes to interest us. He succeeds, of course, but he has left us stirred with his former theme. For our part, we keep hoping to see again that mysterious woman and that face, always a little anxious, leaning toward her.

M. Chardonne would say that the profound theme of the book—for one realizes that all its different elements revolve about a central *motif*—is that of happiness. *Claire* is the story of a man who gradually discovers that he is happy. But it is not through sentimental or sensuous joys alone that he discovers and displays his happiness; it is chiefly through mental activity. His happiness is not so much caused by a woman as permitted by her. The man himself creates, humanizes, and perfects this happiness. At least he tries to do so.

There is no more difficult task than that of depicting happiness, which is neither wholly a condition nor wholly an activity. M. Chardonne's distinguish-

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ing characteristic is an exceptionally keen sensibility, anxious and prepared for all excesses. In vain does he try to assuage it by simple and harmonious language and a peaceful air. Let his characters smile or compliment or tease each other as they will; they are constantly betraying extreme tension, so that their acts are more surprising than their words. They exhibit an obsession with themselves, and an impotence to free themselves completely, except in spasms, to interest themselves in others, or even to see others clearly, except in a state of conflict. Thus when M. Chardonne speaks of a woman he does so with a mixture of tenderness and cruelty, of scorn and reverence. This attitude of bitterness, without gestures or cries, becomes more moving than ever when, as in this book, it enters into a description of happiness.

It is a curious conception of happiness that *Claire* shows us, but it is just such an idea as one might expect from the author of *Le Chant du bienheureux*. In the midst of those haggard and suffering beings in M. Chardonne's books who watch each other and flee from each other, who cry out mutely and get along only by means of misunderstandings, phantoms whom it seems as if a drop of pure blood should make vanish,—in the midst of such beings that fair, reserved woman and that restless, disputatious man seem distraught at being made images of happiness. Untaught by previous experience, they obstinately close their eyes to all that could make them doubt this happiness—an arbitrary happiness, forever menaced and reëstablished, like a revenge. It is a happiness that trembles and threatens to disappear and that dares to call itself happiness only because it will soon be followed by death. It was indeed necessary that this unknown happiness should have its day and its history, even though one need be prudent and less demanding and, perhaps, entreat words a little. *Claire* is the confession of a man who wishes to be happy.

SAINT-SATURNIN. *By Jean Schlumberger. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 1931.*

(Denis Saurat in the *Listener*, London)

WITH *Saint-Saturnin*, by Jean Schlumberger, another great novel is added to the list of French masterpieces. The book will be important as marking a turning point in literature and inaugurating perhaps a new period; in any case, as putting a stop to the 'post-war' period.

The subject is simple. We are introduced into the life of a country estate with solid traditions. The head of the family has led, to an advanced age, a thoroughly respectable and successful life. His wife dies, and the old gentleman loses his balance; not from grief, however, but from the withdrawal of a stabilizing element. His children are themselves married and have families. They notice, with horror and stupefaction, some symptoms hitherto absent in their father's life. Strange women are acquiring an influence over him. An extremely shady business agent is becoming a familiar figure in the house. Some electioneering manœuvres are set on foot. The house itself is being transformed, and the estate endangered. We feel the increase of anxiety in the children's minds, as they gradually realize that their father's morals, intellect, and character are changing. He believes himself to be a great man, on the eve of tremendous achievement, but hampered by his family. The fortunes of the next generation begin to look doubtful.

The family rallies to the battle. But the old man is too cunning for them, and month by month they witness with growing horror the downfall of their

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house. The whole countryside is watching eagerly, and with very mixed feelings. At last, when the ultimate calamity seems unavoidable, a young officer belonging to the third generation comes back on leave from the Morocco wars. His youth, his adventurous spirit, his charm act as a centre of crystallization and gather together all the forces of reason and decency. He actually does little besides preventing his grandfather from running away. But the atmosphere changes; the dubious business man defaults earlier than he had planned to, and only half the family fortune is lost.

Family life is here depicted from the centre; the tragic figure of the dead old lady dominates the novel. All the children strive to keep her memory unsullied by her husband's later behavior, and cherish the tradition of her life continued in theirs. Their own family life is described with the most intimate and delicate touches. Putting aside the disintegration of the old man's character, which is the mainspring of the tale, French family life is presented more truly and deeply than in perhaps any other novel. The children's romps are set as a relief motive throughout the book. Not a breath of irregularity, not the slightest corner of the eternal triangle comes into sight. These are charming, delicate, decent people, and the heart of the reader goes out to them in their thoroughly undeserved trouble. They are very human, too, that is to say full of their own lovable and obstinate faults, the sort of faults that constitute personality and make one lovable being different from another lovable being. And they do not pull together very well. In short they are real people of the *nice* kind, as Butler would say. Now in this tale several traits that were absent from the modern period are put back. First, a sense of responsibility. The modern hero or heroine—take Lucy Tantamount and Spandrell in *Point Counter Point*—accepts no responsibility. Love shifts: now this woman, now that woman. Children do not count. The satisfaction of the moment is the only aim of life. Thus in Proust. But here, in *Saint-Saturnin*, the chief element is the necessity to save the estate for the children. The lives of all the characters, except, of course, the father, are directed toward the continuity of the race and of the tradition.

In the modern school, the disintegration of a personality was a favorite subject; Mauriac derives most of his tragedies from that motive. The negative of human life is presented: the self is to be destroyed. But in *Saint-Saturnin* the malady of the self, in the old man, is given as the essential calamity, against which everyone fights; it is not dealt with as in Mauriac, as being the one interesting thing, but on the contrary as being the one unnatural and upsetting element. Our ordinary human perspective is accepted by the writer. Even the Russian chauffeur (a favorite character in the new fiction) is a decent fellow. Another welcome change: religion is completely left out of the novel. It is perhaps a curious thing that the previous immoral literature, say, as in Mauriac, was so religious. Here we actually deal with normal beings who are perfectly honest and delicately moral, and who are not religious. It is a great relief; and the Divinity must be glad of a rest after its queer labors in the novel of the last ten years.

ARE we, then, returning to Victorian values? George Eliot, and René Bazin? No. The Proust period has brought into the novel a change in the power of analysis, the same sort of change that Bergson brought into psychological studies, and Einstein,

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we suppose, into physics. No after-Proust novel can be like a pre-Proust novel. The subtlety of the new psychology is all in Jean Schlumberger. It is directed to a different subject, it is worked by a different mentality, but the instrument is the same. The charming subtleties of feeling of Jourdaine, the old man's daughter, are as delicately presented as the complications of Albertine in *La Recherche du temps perdu*. Albertine was only a French girl gone wrong; Jourdaine is a French girl gone right. But she is as charming and as interesting as her erratic sister.

There are beautiful descriptions of nature, as a symphony of seasons accompanies the tale. The book is divided into four parts: Autumn, Winter, Spring, Summer. And the style is the perfect simple French prose; it has the charm of well-bred fluency, the quality of clear fresh water.

Take, for instance, the following passage:—

'Standing before a mirror, she examines her throat. It is true that she, like her mother, must choose between a thin face or a little excess fat. She expands her nostrils, lower the corners of her lips slightly. What a tiny displacement of her features is enough to make her look like a kind of Messallina. She must have looked that way under her velvet mask and domino one evening at a fancy-dress ball, where in a confusion of more or less drunken men—and she will remember this with shame until she dies—she made no attempt to break away, but enjoyed an abominable kind of giddiness at being stroked and rubbed by indiscreet hands. She changes her expression, frowns, dilates her eyes. It is now a mask of fear that she has put on her face, a very adherent mask. It sometimes used to happen in her youth that she would let herself be frightened by the terrified-looking ghost who looked at her from the mirror. To-day it would not be necessary to play that game very hard in order to feel the need of jumping back and throwing herself on the couch for fear that a hand would seize her by the hair. . . . And then all those stories, all that network of lies from which one will never escape. . . . Lawyers, and justices of the peace, where will all this lead to?'

I have previously discussed the differences between the classical, the romantic, and the modern. *Saint-Saturnin* gives a synthesis of the three moods; something of each is in Schlumberger. A rare equilibrium of tendencies, not likely to be kept up for very long and which perhaps, in literature, would become tedious under the treatment of the lesser artists. But now and again, at the turning points of literary history, a great figure of the kind appears. Thus Flaubert after the romantic period. Thus Schlumberger after the modern period, which has been as great as the romantic.

DAS ENDE DES KAPITALISMUS. *By Ferdinand Fried. Jena: Eugen Diederichs Verlag. 1931.*

(G. Fink in the *Moskauer Rundschau*, Moscow)

FERDINAND FRIED'S new book has caused a great sensation in Germany, an unjustifiable sensation if one expects it to offer a real analysis of the world crisis of capitalism, but a justifiable sensation if it is regarded as the attempt of a National Socialist intellectual to explain economic facts without degrading himself to the level of Feder and Rosenberg, with their slogans about creative and destructive capital, reparations tribute, and the international domination of Jewish traitors. Fried's work is especially interesting if it is regarded as expressing the point of view of a large body of salaried employees, especially those with college educations.

The change in the relative numbers of

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wage-earners and salaried employees in Germany has received all too little attention. It is significant, for the proportion of white-collar employees in industry increased from 7.7 per cent in 1907 to 12.9 per cent in 1925. Of 35,800,000 workers of all kinds, including not quite 20,000,000 who received wages and salaries, there were no less than 5,250,000 clerks and civil servants in 1925. Since then this tendency has gone still further, because rationalization decreases the number of laborers and increases the number of salaried employees, whose potential economic and political strength is therefore steadily growing. When Fried describes this class of society he is at his best. He can not deny the hopeless prospects of the masses of employees with college educations. He cannot deny that in most occupations this class earns at the most five hundred marks a month and that such an employee, even 'if he has luck, endurance, and plenty of elbow grease,' can never rise beyond what corresponds to the rank of noncommissioned officer in the army.

These masses of 'white-collar proletarians,' as the German workers, with a keen eye for facts, call them, are having their bourgeois position exploited by capitalism to the detriment of the workers. They cannot close their eyes to the fact that 'they wear numbers just like any worker, only with college degrees attached.' They know that they cannot raise themselves to 'the level that is socially admitted to officers' quarters.' They know that the directors do not regard them as their equals and that they will be cast aside at the age of forty, losing their work and the social position that they think they possess, and that during the present crisis they are being relentlessly dismissed and forced into the vast army of the unemployed.

These masses of salaried employees who can find no escape are the best recruits for the National Socialist movement. The Social Democrats are not without blame, because the white-collar class thinks that Socialism and Marxism are the same thing, and National Socialists have therefore been able to spread their teachings more easily among this class than among the working class. *Das Ende des Kapitalismus* expresses the opinion of the white-collar class, no matter who is hiding behind the pseudonym of 'Fried'—whether the book is the collective labor of the editors of the *Tat*, or whether it was written by Zehrer, the editor of the *Tat*, or by somebody occupying an important economic position.

Fried tries to explain the crisis and the laws of capitalism from the standpoint of the white-collar class and of the small to middling business man. Is it therefore highly extraordinary that he sees only the results, not the connections, and that his romantic glorification of routine labor and small business enterprises, combined with his irrational attitude toward economic events and laws, does not enable him to find a solution?

THERE is not room here to list all of Fried's descriptions and interpretations. His two chief themes are, first, a description of the social results of capitalist development, especially the attitude of the middle classes, and, secondly, the question of debts and reparations. Using hitherto unpublished material, he estimates that 90 per cent of all employed Germans receive less than two hundred marks a month and that more than half of this number, to wit, sixteen millions, earn less than a hundred marks a month, and that only a thousand individuals receive more than four hundred thousand marks a year. According to his figures, 96 per cent of the population own no property, whereas 4 per cent own

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property valued at sixty-four billion marks. It is impossible to prove how accurate his estimates are. They may be subject to some corrections, but they do give an idea of the extent to which the German lower middle class has been expropriated by the inflation.

Fried compares the results of the World War with the results of the Punic Wars. He reckons that, since German capitalists have deposited twelve to fourteen billion marks abroad since the mark was stabilized, the interest on both debts and reparations can not be paid unless the Young Plan annuities are reduced. He asserts that the moratorium has only made the situation worse and that Germany awaits the fate of Carthage. He suggests as a solution the repudiation of international debts and the dissolution of world trade into self-governing, national economic units, a solution that could be put forward only by one who refuses to see the laws and forces that are dominating capitalism in the imperialist epoch.

Fried's attitude toward the Soviet Union is particularly interesting, as are the conclusions that he draws from its existence and from its labors of construction. For Fried, who usually paints in bright colors and writes in great detail, suddenly becomes surprisingly brief and curt, devoting only two pages to the Soviet Union. He attacks the attitude of the West European newspapers, which look at the Five-Year Plan from the export point of view, and he interprets this plan as an attempt to build up an independent, self-governing economic system. He does not mention the fact that the construction Russia has accomplished was made possible only by dispossessing the middle class, that the step toward building up socialism has already been taken, and though he has much to say about the spiritual aspects of capitalism he has nothing to say about the transformed position of both the workers and the intellectuals in Russia.

Yet through a consideration of Russia he could have found plenty of clues that would have led him out of the labyrinth of the reparations question. He might also have seen the way that the class for whom he is writing should take—the technicians, the business specialists, in short, that mass of salaried employees which lives in a constant state of contradiction between real circumstances and its conception of life. These masses are the very ones who are vainly seeking to find some meaning in their work. They dream of a nationally planned economic system with dictatorial strength, but without any abandonment of private property. He might have discovered that only the victory of the working class can solve the problems of the salaried employees, free them from their contradictions, and enable them to attain a more satisfactory position. The sooner the class of white-collar workers recognizes this fact, the better for itself and the better for the German working class.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Einstein on Women

MISS ETHEL SMYTH, a prominent British feminist and composer, has received a letter from Professor Einstein denying that he ever expressed some anti-feminist sentiments that were attributed to him in a New York newspaper. It seems that Miss Smyth received from a friend in America a clipping in which Einstein was quoted as having said: 'In Madame Curie I see no more than a brilliant exception. Even if there were more women scientists of like calibre, that would serve as no argument against the fundamental weakness of the feminine organism.' There was nothing for Miss Smyth to do but write to headquarters and find out whether the great man had been correctly quoted. By return post she received from Berlin a letter that she translates from the German as follows:—

Potsdam
June 8, 1931

Much honored Lady:—

I never said anything of the sort; on the contrary, I have always contended that women have every right, and should be granted every opportunity, to take part in all branches of intellectual endeavor. I must confess that in my own experience passionate and lasting devotion to a purely intellectual cause is rare among women. Should one wish it were otherwise? To this question, dear madam, you can perhaps answer better than

Yours obediently,
A. Einstein

A Chinese War Song

FOLK literature does not seem to have been much enriched by the war between China and Japan. Whereas the World War produced such classics as 'The Mademoiselles from Armentières, Parlez-voo!' on the one hand and 'The Hymn of Hate' on the other, the bards of China, descendants of the men whose work Arthur Waley and Amy Lowell put into English verse, produce work of this kind, the translation having appeared in the *China Times* of Shanghai:—

Kill the enemy! Kill the enemy!
Hurry up and kill the enemy!
The island barbarians have invaded our country and occupied Mukden and Kirin!
The key to the north gate is lost!
Beneath a tumbled nest one cannot find a good egg!
Don't fold your arms and look on unconcernedly!
Kill the enemy! Kill the enemy!
Hurry up and kill the enemy!
Kill the enemy! Kill the enemy!
Hurry up and kill the enemy!
Annihilate the invaders and restore our lost territory!
Be prepared for the supreme sacrifice and march bravely onward!
Don't stop until we kill the dwarf slaves and deal the death blow to the uncivilized state!
Kill the enemy! Kill the enemy!
Hurry up and kill the enemy!

Mussolini's Play about Napoleon

MUSSOLINI'S play about Napoleon, entitled *Campo di Maggio* in Italian and *Les Cent Jours* in French, has been greeted with enthusiasm in Paris. On July 6, 1929, the Duce put in the hands of his collaborator, Giovacchini Forzano, 'mere notes' (as he called them) of a drama dealing with Napoleon's famous 'Hundred Days' between Elba and St. Helena. Forzano, however, preferred to call them a 'scenario' because the entire play was outlined scene by scene and his task consisted simply of pulling the material together. The complete text includes four acts, beginning with the manifestation on the Champ de Mai and ending with the departure for St. Helena, but the French version omits the final act at Plymouth and closes with Napoleon's farewell to his family at Malmaison. The part of Napoleon is taken by one of the foremost actors in France, Firmin Gémier, former director of the Odéon Theatre, who has also acted in a play by Clemenceau. M. Gémier assumed the chief rôle at the express bidding of the Duce

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himself. 'I don't want to play Napoleon,' he said. 'One ought to have Italian eyes.' According to an eyewitness of the interview 'Mussolini smiled, no doubt thinking of the Tuscan origins of the Bonaparte family.'

Almost as important as the character of Napoleon is that of Fouché, the villain of the piece. Étienne Rey in his review in *Comœdia* argues that Mussolini draws a moral in the third act: 'The hero, who might perhaps have forced fortune and conquered again, was destroyed by Fouché and the parliamentarians, who are the worst enemies of the man of action. Does this mean that a dictator is necessary? Unquestionably we discover here why M. Mussolini is so interested in this subject and in the end of this epoch. But let us not insist too much. In any event, the play is one of the best, most vigorous, most alive historic plays that we have ever seen.' The same play is already being produced in Berlin as *Hundert Tage* and plans have been made to put it on in London and New York as well.

Lunacharski Speaks

A. V. LUNACHARSKI, former People's Commissar for Education in Soviet Russia, has been making a lecture tour of the European capitals explaining the cultural aims and achievements of Communism in Russia. Unlike the most rigid type of Marxian, who can see nothing but economics wherever he looks, Lunacharski believes that the cultural revolution is fully as important as the political and economic revolutions. His definition of culture, however, is strictly Communistic, for he believes that it must serve society and that individualistic culture is necessarily bourgeois and counter-revolutionary. He attacked in particular the idea originally advanced in Germany by Wilhelm von Humboldt that culture means the development of the individual and the unfolding of the ego.

Facing middle-class audiences, he did not hesitate to resort to middle-class terminology to make his points. He compared the present condition of socialism in Russia to the period in Church history when the 'Church Militant' was active, and he added that socialism will reach the 'Church Triumphant' period when the labor of socialist construction is completed. Just as the Roman Church urges the faithful to live this life with their eyes fixed on eternity, so Lunacharski advocates leading a kind of life that is concerned only with creating a socialist paradise on earth. The Communist equivalent to the sin against the Holy Ghost is personal culture, which ignores the community.

Not all of Lunacharski's lectures were devoted to moralizing. He described the progress that has been made in wiping out illiteracy in Russia and the party organizations for promoting the arts. He reported with pride that Russia is now using four times as much paper for all kinds of printing as it did under the Tsar. The chief need at the present time is for scientifically trained technicians. 'We need science as we need air, in order to live,' he said. Finally, he endeavored to assure his hearers that the Communists were not entirely ruthless. He said that architecture was not wholly functional but tried to express 'harmonious self-reliance.' He also said the 'individuality'—as opposed to individualism—was encouraged since it would work for the community. The conservative *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* concluded its account of his Vienna appearance with the words, 'A *Mene, mene, tekel upharsin* for bourgeois society.'

Miss France, 1932

EVERY year the chief states of Europe show their devotion to tradition and their superiority to American ways by conducting an international beauty contest at Nice. The circumstances under which the French candidate was chosen bring out in particularly bold relief how rich a culture still exists in the Old World and how grateful the barbarians of the New World should be that this culture is still preserved, even at our expense. Maurice de Waleffe, a noted Parisian journalist and one of the two presidents of the jury of twenty-five painters, sculptors, and movie men who chose the Miss France of 1932, has written an explanation and justification of the contest. One point he emphasizes is the dignity of the occasion:—

'Since the life of a young girl is nothing but a beauty contest, nothing used to

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amuse me more, ten years ago when these contests began, than to hear girls say: "I, present myself? My parents would never permit it." And all the time her parents were permitting her to present herself at balls and evening parties that were nothing but perpetual beauty competitions. Morning and night, minutely and twenty times a day, woman studies herself before her mirror. But it would be pretentious or humiliating for her to stand motionless for a whole minute in front of some sculptors and painters seated about a green-topped table.

'But let's see. Is this either pretentious or humiliating? It seems to me that the pretentious ones are those who declare themselves too proud to compete. As for humiliation, obviously the winner cannot feel that. And all the rest can believe that they came in second.'

M. de Waleffe's beauty contests must be sharply distinguished from the bathing-beauty contests so prevalent on this side of the water:—

'Some æsthetes object that the extreme decency that commands young girls to respect their modesty makes an exact classification impossible. They ought to be dressed in bathing suits. This is a mistake. A beauty competition is not a swimming race or an anatomy test. A Parisian, a French girl, is not seen in the nude. She exercises the gentle empire of her charms fully clothed. And, besides, do you think that before the trained eye of the jury the body cannot be detected through the supple, light veil of an evening dress?'

And now M. de Waleffe gets down to cases and explains exactly on what basis the winner is selected:—

'What is beauty? In the human machine, as in all machines, the minimum of effort in return for the maximum of result. The flower exists for its fruit. The most beautiful girl is she who will become the most perfect mother. Therefore the first requirement for elegance is the figure whose proportions will be faithfully transmitted to the child—the length of the legs, the curve of the hips, the noble poise of neck and shoulders—these are the first requisites of beauty. In the face the whiteness of the teeth, an inherited characteristic, will be considered more important than the color of the complexion, which is more superficial, more variable, and more false. Bright eyes are essential; they mean health, intelligence, life. But the revelation of the eyes must be controlled by the tone of the voice, which can be a real physical defect when it is harsh or noisy. You will never know anything about the intimate harmony of a person until you have heard the sound of his or her voice. Three points are therefore awarded to the body, three to the face, and three to the expression, making nine in all.'

To make a long story short, the winner of the contest proved to be none other than Mlle. Émilienne Caisson de Souza, who is the daughter, curiously enough, of a lawyer who lives in Nice, where the international competition is to be held. She is a large-eyed, slender, almost cadaverous-looking girl of just eighteen. She loves all the arts and adores reading Victor Hugo. She hates modern dancing. She is our candidate for Miss Europe.

New China's Text-Books

From the press of the *Japan Times*, American-language daily of Tokyo that is often said to be subsidized by the Japanese Foreign Office, comes a volume of translations of anti-foreign teachings in the new text-books of China. A geography book that is used in the higher grades has a chapter called 'A Big City Developed by Chinese Emigrants' which gives some surprising information. 'If one leaves Chicago westbound by the Mid-Pacific Railways [Union Pacific?], one will get to San Francisco, an old gold mine, in less than two days. This is one of the largest cities on the west coast of America and is famous for the production of gold. The trade with Oriental countries has been much developed. Silk and tea from China are shipped there. The West produces much gold. The gold mines of San Francisco were opened earliest in this region, and the miners were mostly Chinese emigrants. Chinese also engaged in other businesses and gradually developed the wilderness of the Pacific Coast. In early days there were more than 200,000 Chinese in the mines, but they have been persecuted and ill-treated and have been unable to

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find their footing. Thus there now remain in San Francisco only 30,000 of our people. The section where they live is called Chinatown and is in the centre of the city.'

Apparently the writer is unfamiliar with United States geography, for San Francisco is four days west of Chicago, and the gold mines were at Sacramento. The story, however, is another illustration of what is done in many countries when a moral is needed. Propaganda to be most effective should be absorbed early, and the frequent troubles in China may well be the result of teachings in the schools, where text-books assert: 'The Japanese are originally an aggressive race'; 'After ruining India, Great Britain wished to exploit China's resources with India's opium'; 'Annam was dominated by the French, who finally became the ruin of the country'; 'European powers are oppressing weaker nations, and the most prominent of these are England and Russia'; 'The real power of the League of Nations is held by Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan.'

In British Hong Kong Chinese text-books are not permitted, and the ones generally used have a picture of the Union Jack for frontispiece.

Old Masters X-rayed

By combining the original researches of Professor Röntgen with the discoveries made by a Weimar physician called Dr. Alexander Faber shortly before the War, the Siemens Electrical Company of Germany has perfected a method of taking X-ray photographs of oil paintings. Startling results have already been obtained by Kurt Wehlte, a teacher in the Industrial Art School of Charlottenburg who has been financed by Harvard University to investigate some of the masterpieces of Rembrandt, Holbein, and Cranach. In the case of the self-portrait of Rembrandt, completed in 1654, Wehlte discovered that it was painted over a beautiful portrait of a woman who is looking to the left whereas Rembrandt himself is looking to the right in the superimposed work. No explanation has been given of why he should have covered up one of his very finest paintings in this way.

Other famous pictures reveal, under the X-ray, that similar changes had been made. Holbein's 'Man with the Carnation' had a beard added some time after it was completed, and a portrait of Melanchthon by Cranach was at first painted with heavily furrowed brows that were subsequently smoothed out.

Artists will receive new lessons in technique from these X-ray photographs, which reveal the brush-work of the masters in full detail. Finger prints come to the surface and spots that were painted over reveal themselves. The genius of restorers is also made evident. Of Hauser's restorations of Rubens in the Kaiser Frederick Museum in Berlin it has been said: 'Here should be placed an inscription, "Designed by Rubens, executed by Hauser."' How he accomplished his task is now revealed. The German press expresses the hope that before the photographs are sent to America duplicate copies may be secured to remain in Germany. Lack of money, however, may prevent even this little indulgence.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

America's Isolated Bankers

PAUL SCHEFFER, Washington correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, points out that American international bankers enjoy less political support than the bankers of any European country and therefore occupy a much weaker position:—

In defending its interests against the claims of Germany's national creditors, in other words, the French, American international finance stands alone. No part of the Government has come to its defense with a strong statement, as Baldwin came to the defense of the English banks in the British House of Commons when they were in a similar situation. American public opinion would never countenance debt repudiation on the part of the Allies if such a move seemed to be for the purpose of helping the New York bankers, and Wall Street and Washington have agreed that even the appearance of any coöperation must be avoided. Both are worried as to what decision Congress will come to, even with all the precautions that have been taken. It cannot be repeated too often, even from the German point of view, that every effort must be made to avoid lowering the prestige of Europe in the eyes of Congress, which has a low enough opinion as it is of the reliability, reasonableness, and good will of the Old World.

As things now stand, it must be seriously doubted whether Congress will go beyond the terms of the Hoover-Laval *communiqué*, which did not contemplate any revision of war debts during the period of the depression; and Congress will especially shun any settlement whereby rich France will cut only the conditional reparations, which are paid over to America in the form of war debts, not permitting any cut in the unconditional reparations, which France keeps. A move in that direction would spell catastrophe, and America would slam the door shut.

The French and some Americans believe that the private bankers and their desperate economic measures are responsible for the present situation in Germany. Nevertheless, the conference of creditors in Berlin represents only the negative findings of a completely capitalistic experiment that can well be contrasted with the experiment of Soviet Russia. It has attacked the problem in its own way. When General Dawes landed in New York after the first reparation settlement had been made, he asserted that now was the time to extend credit to Germany, since it was paying reparations. France understood as well as he did that this move was the inevitable result of reparation payments and that Germany could not pay without being granted credits. France knew that competition was inevitable between the productive capital pouring into Germany and the capital that was irretrievably pouring out of Germany in payment of reparations, and France began abusing the experiment as soon as it saw that its side was losing. But up to 1928 the State Department did not withhold its usual unofficial consent to German Wall Street loans.

Let us have no illusions—the future of German credit in the United States depends on how German private debts to America are liquidated. In recent years German credit has been excellent and America has had great confidence in Germany. This confidence will not continue if we pursue a petty policy of seeking small tactical advantages. Instead, we must clearly recognize what is necessary and inevitable. The more quickly negotiations come to an end and the more ready Germany shows itself to coöperate with other nations toward some reasonable objective, the better.

Loans to Latin America

NORTH AMERICAN financial experts have criticized excessive loans to South American republics, and now we find much the same kind of criticism

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coming from South America, too. The *Repertorio Americano*, a weekly published in Costa Rica, says:—

The vision of those who govern us is so limited that they seek only a false prosperity, full of dangers to our liberties and independence. How does this prosperity come? Through loans from Yankee bankers. The gold arrives to fulfill a perfect imperialistic plan, and for this reason the lenders choose and impose the guarantees that our countries must give for their money. The fact that the economic resources of the borrowing country may be exhausted does not check the transactions, and thus each country in Latin America becomes more and more dependent on Wall Street.

This policy also lies behind the investments made by North American companies in every field. The organizers of this new empire know that any organization controlling the electricity, land, banks, air routes, or other means of transportation is an effective aid to conquest and should be encouraged. And as soon as the loan has been made the marines march in to back it up. No Central American country has escaped the pressure of United States marines, just as no Mediterranean country escaped the Roman soldier, and the money lent by both empires has brought only calamity, for Greek municipalities, like American republics, were ruined by loans. As soon as one Wall Street loan has been uselessly exhausted the Latin Americans naturally try to get another to pay the interest on the first. Thus in the end they find themselves impoverished, faced by reality and not by the prosperity they expected. The loans prove to be a curse not only for the borrowers but also for the country that uses them as a means of expansion.

Our republics continue to suffer from this imperialization, and not a single voice is raised in protest. Indeed, our most prominent citizens would like to pledge everything and sink us deeper into debt. Nor can we attribute this solely to the fact that our governments ask for money to squander. We are all responsible, for such governments would not exist if the public were vigilant.

Anyone who looks at South America as a whole will find its people trusting passively in their officials, business men, and bankers, in other words, in the very caste that is concerned with fictitious prosperity and therefore is indifferent to certain principles which demand that their countries should not be compromised by loans and concessions. This caste is mainly interested in having money circulate freely and in exploiting the natural wealth of the country. But, as the stranger from the north is the only one who is capable of risking money in such enterprises, the stranger from the north will be the only one to profit.

'Pertinax' on America

SOME weeks after returning from the United States, where he accompanied Premier Laval and shared many confidences with him, André Géraud, otherwise known as 'Pertinax,' wrote a series of essays on America for the *Echo de Paris*, of which he is the foreign editor. Here are some of the more striking things he had to say:—

It is during periods of adversity that governments and nations reveal the measure of their strength. Since the autumn of 1929, the United States has been undergoing grievous economic and financial tribulations. No one who has seen the immensity of America's resources and the peaceful regions over which they extend can doubt that the nation will surmount its test. But these two years of doubt, anxiety, and suffering have inevitably brought about a rather complete upheaval of ideas.

The first fact that meets one's eyes is the failure of President Hoover. In Washington and New York I talked to numerous officials, politicians, financiers, and journalists, and not one voice was raised in his defense. Presidents of the United States, like all other holders of public office, are naturally divided into two groups—those who have succeeded and those who have failed in their task. Generally, history is kind and decides that circumstances more than any other element decide the fortunes of each individual. But the violence of the sentiments that are now being expressed against

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Mr. Hoover reveal that most people are convinced that the present President not only is succumbing to unfavorable events but is being destroyed by his personal defects. This shift in public opinion is particularly striking because most of his predecessors were not very well known on election day and yet measured up to their task, whereas Mr. Hoover, when he was installed in the White House in March 1929, was a national, glorious hero. We are therefore witnessing not only the decadence of a statesman but the ruin of a legend.

Here is 'Pertinax's' opinion of America's future:—

Let us have no illusions: in the future, at the first opportunity, the lesson of modesty that has been inflicted on the country during the past two years will be forgotten. Faith in the nation's unlimited prosperity is ready to come to life again. Nobody in the United States feels fixed, either in his social status or in his own soul. All Americans hope for a sudden transformation. The butler of some people I was visiting wanted me to answer an important question: if he were to enlist in the Foreign Legion, would he rapidly be promoted to the rank of captain? I disabused him of this idea, and he replied in a melancholy voice, 'In France one cannot have a career.'

Here is another characteristic story. Two years ago one of my friends gave his chauffeur a check for three hundred and fifty dollars. 'John, we have made this money for you on the Stock Exchange.' A few months passed. The chauffeur told his employers that he had profited from their generosity by speculating in real estate and had bought two lots of ground somewhere in the Bronx on which he had to pay twenty-five dollars a month. He therefore demanded higher wages.

Has America Touched Bottom?

By NO means, is the answer of an anonymous British economist recently returned from the United States. In an article bearing the above title and written for the *Spectator* of London, he asserts that America has been unwilling to recognize that the high-wage theory is now bankrupt. Here is his prophecy for the future: —

This autumn a change has taken place. Many of the greatest corporations in America are faced with the glaring fact that they are losing money almost as fast as they were making it in the boom. Dividend payments are simply disappearing. Faced with grim necessity, American business is turning at last toward wage reductions. The steel industry started off in September with a reduction of ten per cent. The railroads are now fighting for a similar cut. Many of the small, less organized firms in the lighter industries have already cut wages by a somewhat higher amount. I was informed, however, that the statisticians calculate that, even now, American wage rates have not come down on the average by more than five per cent. If this is indeed the case, the economist would say that it is a mere toying with the problem. A cut of thirty or forty per cent at least is needed. It seems probable, however, that before this winter is out such a cut will be enforced over great ranges of American industry; and there is little doubt that labor will find no effective means of resisting it. What effect, however, this policy will have upon the psychology of the American worker is an interesting question. Following the imposition of such cuts, a general readjustment in every part of American cost of production and distribution will be necessary so that prices may really fall.

In the meanwhile, however, two years have gone by and this great readjustment, without which, in the opinion of most economists, no revival is possible, has hardly been attempted. And, until it has been achieved, it seems possible that the depression will not only continue, but will intensify. Incredible as it seems to those who still think in terms of 1929 stock values, even the present level of stock prices is not necessarily the lowest that will be reached. When, in the New Year, it becomes clear that no dividend is to be paid on many of the leading stocks in the country, prices may crumble to still lower levels. After all, they are only now passing well below the pre-boom line. Hence, critical as the present

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situation is, it seems quite possible that America has not yet touched bottom. Perhaps she will not do so until she has achieved a general overhaul of her whole economic life.

Bored America

ANN TIZIA LEITICH, who frequently writes dispatches from New York to the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, says that boredom is the curse of the United States:—

Boredom has always existed, but it used to be regarded as quite harmless. However, since the discovery of machinery, men have attempted to escape boredom. The result is that they do not escape at all, but simply get more bored than ever. The days stretch out before them in terrifying, demoralizing dreariness. Waves of boredom are inundating America. Its twenty-five million automobiles, its thousands of airplanes, motorboats, yachts, radios, aphrodisiacal bathrooms, and palatial stores cannot stem the flood. Barely ten years ago, Sinclair Lewis, whose talent was later recognized by the Swedish Academy, put his finger on the sore spot of all modern civilizations when he wrote *Main Street*. Everyone in America at once exclaimed, 'Yes, this is so, is n't it? How well he has put it!' And all he discovered was the boredom of America.

Walking down Fifth Avenue, I asked an intelligent man, 'The best minds in America are building higher and higher buildings, making more and more millions of dollars that they don't know how to use. Where are they going, and what are they doing?' The intelligent man replied, 'Don't you know? Boredom built these buildings.' He might just as well have said, 'Imagination, which has to express itself in height and size because depth is denied it.' 'Making money is an erotic activity for man'—so an American writer on economics has stated. Although this statement could not have been made if Sigmund Freud had never existed, it goes to the heart of the American situation. For everything that has to do with the emotions is enlisted in the service of business. Increasing emptiness and cerebration have excluded and destroyed the mystery of life, and now that production and mechanical technique have run amuck, making people live above their means, everybody's emotional reservoir has been pumped dry. Yet emotion is the only genuine creative force. In *The Magic Mountain* Thomas Mann said that man is divine only in so far as he feels things. Modern man is like an architect at the top of his skyscraper who has lost contact with the firm earth below. The people, however, remain closer to earth. They want thrills, and what the popular psychologists call 'avenues of escape.' Successful captains of industry are no longer the national heroes because they make no appeal to the imagination. They are being replaced by underworld leaders.

There exists in America a female equivalent of Babbitt, but she puts him to shame with her radical straightforwardness in erotic matters, though this generally consists only of big words. Her prospects seemed rather poor some time ago, when she was close to having attained total 'emancipation' in the service of the rational, technical world of man. However, the endlessly restless American girl discovered alcohol, and this revolutionary discovery changed her whole life. 'Have a little drinkie,' became the password of bored, blasé, disillusioned women. André Maurois quotes an American lady as saying, 'Only when I have been drinking can I at last be myself.' This drunkenness has nothing to do with Bacchus, for it is stimulated, not by wine, but by whiskey. It does, however, make for emancipation. Hangovers cannot be avoided, but they are regarded as a necessary evil. A glass of whiskey makes it easier for a girl to lean on a young man's shoulder and whisper, 'You are wonderful.'

Now that business and the worship of success have suffered such grievous reverses, men have less money and more time. What will they do to fill this time? What will they do to get their thrills if they cannot live beyond their means any more? Perhaps a very modern school in California points the way, the School of the Thousand Geniuses. The most important course it offers is called 'The Cultivation of Emotions.'

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South America Changes Heart

SOME of the younger South Americans are beginning to wonder if they have been right in devoutly regarding Europe as their cultural ideal. One of them, Arturo Mejía Nieto, raises two questions or rather proposes two alternatives. *Nosotros*, which prints his article, is a Buenos Aires monthly that is famed more for its conservative attitude than for its literary brilliance. It receives a government subsidy. Señor Nieto casts his argument in the form of a Socratic dialogue from which we select a few passages.

Miguel: We Latin Americans cling to certain concepts that satisfy our vanity as a young nation, but our imaginations obscure the kind of truth necessary to progress. We like to believe, for example, that we, and not the North Americans, have inherited Europe's culture. I feel, however, that we have been imitating Europe without possessing the maturity or the traditions that would enable us to absorb what we are copying. North Americans, meanwhile, have achieved an original civilization that has disconcerted Europe. If we have failed to develop institutions of our own, it is because we have been ingenuously applying European methods and systems to American problems.

Alejo: But it seems to me that we have done the natural thing; we are a new continent without traditions; we lack precedents and experience. North Americans have been favored with better conditions; they destroyed the Indians and built a single nationality with a federal government.

Miguel: But we have n't mastered their knack of doing things. Granted that we did not have such favorable conditions, we should have seized our moderate opportunities. Now we are disoriented. Streams of immigration have changed us, and if we follow different models we shall no longer resemble each other and shall break the historic ties that bind us together.

Alejo: Yes, and the model we have adopted is the best—Europe.

Miguel: The best thing to imitate would be ourselves, but young peoples and young countries cannot do that. We can learn from North America virtues and experiences that we do not encounter in Europe. A long time ago José Enrique Rodó put us on our guard against the nation to the north. But Rodó had never visited the United States, whereas Sarmiento, who did know that country, recommended its institutions to us. Rodó's advice has prevailed, and a school of propaganda has developed that teaches Hispano-American solidarity and hostility to the United States. Such were the crusades of Ugarte, Blanco Fombona, García Godoy, Carlos Pereyra, Eugenio de Hostos, and Ingenieros. The barriers of language, and temperamental differences, too, have prevented mutual understanding. To-day we are apparently more mature than the seemingly childish North Americans, yet they have more faith in mankind, more joyousness, initiative, and persistence than we. Their preoccupation with the development of character and moral education is superior to ours. The North American boy does not have the sexual precocity that so many of ours show. And our lack of ingenuity makes for skepticism, cynicism, and pessimism. In North America, nobody enjoys more privileges than the women and children. North Americans do not seek chiefly for money, as many of us suppose. They seek riches so that they may undertake greater things. Social position is not a shackle; the field is open to all.

Alejo: If we repudiate America, at least we do it spontaneously and honestly. There may be prejudices, ignorance, and racial antipathy, but underlying all is our repugnance to a materialistic civilization.

Miguel: 'Materialistic' as you use the word means egotistical, sordid, stingy. That would be unjust if applied to the national life of the United States and even to its relations with countries it does not recognize. It gave aid, for instance, to Russia during the 1917 revolution.

Alejo: But you admit the North Americans have defects?

Miguel: Yes, and I think their faults are detestable, absolutely detestable. But I insist that we ought to observe with interest the good qualities I have mentioned.

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CORRESPONDENCE

ONE of our Canadian readers writes us a letter that cuts two ways.

TORONTO, CANADA

TO THE EDITOR:—

I tender you both admiration and sympathy, as to the leader of a forlorn hope.

God in his wisdom has put the happiness and prosperity of the world, at least for the immediate future, in the hands of the American people—kindly, generous, idealistic, but almost incredibly stupid and ignorant, living under a form of government that apparently sends its most stupid and ignorant to Washington.

However, brutal economic forces are working on your side and the spellbinding politician is already at a discount.

Keep up your good work and, when you can afford to do so, cut your price to all west of the Alleghenies.

Faithfully yours,
M. A. MACKENZIE

Frederic R. Coudert, who has law offices in both London and New York, comments on Dr. Leonhard Oberascher's discussion of the American banking crisis that appeared in our December issue and urges canceling the war debts for purely selfish reasons.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

TO THE EDITOR:—

In view of the testimony given by the bankers before the Senate Committee, it seems to me that the situation has considerably changed and that the attitude of the bankers has been made quite clear to the public. Like all human institutions, the banks made some errors and they believed in the continued prosperity and financial power of Germany. I do not believe they can be particularly censured for this, as the whole world seemed to have been in error as to America's own prosperity and financial condition. I suppose in time of deep depression banks and bankers are usually the targets for attack, as are the military commanders in time of military reverses.

I thought Mr. Lamont's statement lucid and impressive. I only regret that the bankers in their statements so far have appeared too timid in regard to the cancellation question. They should, I think, have stated that there was little or no prospect of our collecting the debt, and that the country would make vastly more money by letting the debt go as a necessary incident in restoring world prosperity. The whole question can be put before the American people only on a purely materialistic basis of monetary gain, and they must be shown that from this standpoint remission of the inter-Allied indebtedness would prove highly profitable. Until these war-debt matters are settled, there can be no subsidence of those national hatreds and suspicions that prevent the resumption of normal conditions throughout the world. Unless this is understood by our public opinion the World War will continue to be waged financially, economically, and morally until, as a logical sequence, there follows general anarchy, misery, ruin, and probably armed hostilities.

Believe me,
Very truly yours,
F. R. COUDERT

How bitterly British citizens now feel toward France is revealed in the following letter from a Belfast reader who accuses THE LIVING AGE of pro-French sentiments. In pursuance of our policy of giving American readers representative opinions from every country we of course include material from France, but a magazine that has within the past year printed the work of Thomas Mann, Adolf Hitler, Sir Oswald Mosley, Joseph Stalin, H. N. Brailsford, J. L. Garvin, Gustav Cassel, and M. J. Bonn can hardly be accused of being operated by a 'pro-French staff.'

BELFAST, IRELAND

TO THE EDITOR:—

Your journal is one-sided and seldom even fair to the Germans, Italians, English, and so forth. Seems to me your staff are all French and one gets bored reading month after month so much self-praising for the French and always their 'security' excuse. Pity you do not publish their selfish and envious attitude with all other countries, including U. S. A. Tell about their trickery and cross-purposes against Germany, the Shylock loans they made. They set upon the sterling and are now happily suffering for

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their envy—no tourists and no exports. Their treatment of the natives in Indo-China. Their deceit with the Italian families in Tunis.

I give you one example—page 521, August 1931, which is so biased and untruthful that you should not have allowed it to be published. Neither was it necessary to give such a spiteful tirade, for you know these mandates have cost England millions of gold without any return. The French got the German boats confiscated although it was England that kept the seas clear for your soldiers to cross over. Your pro-French writers should not forget this, and, in fact, unless your journal becomes 'living' and less prejudiced, I for one will not renew. What can you do to improve matters? Give your pro-French staff a six months' 'leave' and less of their sickly, sentimental, hashed-up stuff.

Yours very truly,

H. S. REID

The page to which Mr. Reid refers pointed out that Britain, unlike France, Belgium, and Italy had not been invaded during the War and that the German navy was entirely destroyed.

Another reader of British descent though not of British citizenship heartily commends us for printing R. Palme Dutt's article, 'The Fight Is Here,' in our December issue.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

TO THE EDITOR:—

May a subscriber for going on a year say a few words in appreciation of your excellent magazine? I have enjoyed every issue, but the December one was outstandingly good for the reason that it contained the finest article on England it has yet been my good fortune to read. I refer, of course, to R. Palme Dutt's 'The Fight Is Here.' If that is an example of the height of intelligence of Communist leaders let's have more of it! To say I was astonished at the wisdom and expert analyses of the article is putting it mildly. If there were only more keen minds such as Dutt's at work in the governments of the world how conditions would improve for the unfortunate masses. By all means let us have more Communist articles if they only approach the excellence of Mr. Dutt's. What a pity poor England (the country of all my forbears) cannot have minds such as his running its government instead of its present set of blockheads. How could anyone with even the semblance of an open mind fail to agree with Mr. Dutt's very sane (if 'radical') observations! Again may I express my pleasure at reading your most excellent magazine.

Very truly yours,

BRADFORD ADAMS WHITTEMORE

An American teacher writes as follows:—

TO THE EDITOR:—

In your December issue, under the caption, 'German Science in Distress,' you quote from Dr. Lehmann, who paints a very dismal picture of the future for science and education in Germany because of lack of proper financial support. I should like, in this connection, to call to your attention a similar condition in America that is equally vital to the future of our own country. In fact, the gravity is somewhat accentuated here because American educators do not enjoy the same recognition that they do in most European countries, a recognition that makes up, in some measure, for the lack of other things.

American educators suffer from lack of sufficient income in good times and in depressions. At no time has the direct income of this class, to which I belong, been sufficient to put educators and their families on an equal financial footing with other men. While it is true that some have been able to augment their direct income by writing or by doing independent work for private business, the great majority have not. And I believe that teaching and research suffer because of these outside interests.

A study of the incomes and expenses of members of the faculty of the University of California has been made and published by J. B. Peixotto, and her findings are almost enough to deter any self-respecting man who expects to have a family from entering the teaching profession. Most men of this class marry well-educated women, college bred and intensely interested in cultural subjects, who seek intellectual society and contacts. But investigation shows that, instead of opportunity for intellectual development, these wives are forced to a life of drudgery because the family income is not sufficient to provide cook, laundress, or nurse. When their day is done, their energy is exhausted and, instead of seeking stimulating society, they go to bed. Certainly such a situation at home must lower the husband's efficiency and morale to such an extent that it interferes with his educational work.

To many, this picture may seem farfetched, but there is no exaggeration in it. Despite the fact that there is one motorcar to every four persons in this country, only a few college instructors can afford a car. Most mechanics, electricians, trainmen, and office clerks, after

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one or two years of service, are paid as much as or more than the average faculty member receives after fifteen years of service, nor does this include the seven or eight years spent in college and postgraduate preparation for teaching. I am told that many clubs pay their older servants as much as most college instructors receive.

It seems to me that it is high time for us to take stock of ourselves in this country and decide whether all spiritual values are to be subordinated to things material. If culture is to be valued less than the skill necessary in making gadgets, in repairing automobiles, in handling office routine—in fact, if it is less worthy of financial support than any materialistic endeavor, then it is high time we ceased spending millions for school and college buildings. American educators have suffered for years from the same conditions that Dr. Lehmann fears have now overtaken his co-workers. Obviously, I must ask you to omit my name, if you should print this comment.

In the 'Letters and Arts' department of our January issue we included a note on the supposed escape of Marshal Ney to America, basing our story on a recent article in a French newspaper. The following letter from the librarian of Davidson College in North Carolina throws more light on the subject from the American point of view.

DAVIDSON, NORTH CAROLINA

TO THE EDITOR:—

Your reference on page 464 of the January 1932 issue of THE LIVING AGE to the supposed escape of Michel Ney to America would indicate that the story sent out from Omaha, Nebraska, is being given to the public for the first time.

In 1895, James A. Weston, of Hickory, North Carolina, issued a book entitled *Historic Doubts as to the Execution of Marshal Ney* which is now, unhappily, out of print. It was produced by Thomas Whittaker, 2 Bible House, New York City, and is a volume of 310 pages. Ninety-six pages carry a sketch of Michel Ney in France, 150 pages are given to the testimony of neighbors and friends of Peter Stuart Ney, the North Carolina teacher, and documentary evidence as to his identity. Thirty-three pages quote notes written in French, English, and shorthand on margins of books relating to French history. Specimens of verse written by Ney, and a summary of the evidence presented, complete the book.

There was a marked physical resemblance between the two men—if indeed there were two men. Their wounds received in battle corresponded. Their handwriting is noticeably similar. Ney's uncanny knowledge of the events of the Napoleonic campaigns cannot be lightly weighed. Both were expert horsemen and fencers. There was a likeness in voice, bearing, tastes, character, and habits.

You have referred to the claims made by Peter Stuart Ney. In his dying delirium he said: 'Bessières is dead and the Old Guard is defeated; now let me die.'

The first record of Ney's being in South Carolina is from the year 1819, though he claimed to have arrived in 1816. From 1822 to 1828 he taught in North Carolina; two years were spent in Virginia, and from 1830 till 1846 he lived a few miles from Salisbury, North Carolina, and taught country schools. He had a marvelous knowledge of military technique and of mathematics.

When one of his pupils brought to the schoolroom the tidings of the death of Napoleon the stalwart teacher fainted, and later attempted to take his own life. He became ill and delirious in 1830 when news was received that Louis Philippe had been placed on the throne, and the death of young Napoleon affected him in like manner, and never again, until during his last illness, did he speak of returning to France.

The inscription on the stone at his grave in Third Creek Churchyard is as follows:—

In Memory of
Peter Stuart Ney,
A Native of France and Soldier of the French Revolution
under Napoleon Bonaparte,
Who departed This Life
November 15th, 1846,
Aged 77 years.

His diary, written in shorthand, after having been lost for around seventy years has been located recently, and is now being transcribed for publication. Its owner feels that there will be no doubt of the author's identity when it is given to the public.

Cordially yours,
CORNELIA SHAW, *Librarian*

Marshal Ney, Before and After Execution, was issued in 1929 by J. Edward Smoot of Concord, N. C.

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

British embassy in Paris issued a strong denial that it had had anything to do with the case. Among the contents of the issue, which was finally released, were Francis Delaisi's 'Pound and Empire,' a wholly innocuous and extremely capable article that we translated a month ago, and 'British Secret-Service Secrets,' by Xavier de Hauteclocque. The last named article is not without malice, sensationalism, and vagueness, but it seemed to us distinctly worth while not only as a sample of present Anglo-French relationships but also because it does deal with a subject of paramount importance that few people know much about. The postscript by the editor of *Le Crapouillot* provides an amusing little extra morsel by way of dessert.

KARL FRIEDRICH NOWAK is the author of the most complete history yet written of pre-war Germany. Some of the volumes have already been published in this country by the Macmillan Company, and he celebrated the completion of his labors—the final German volume has just appeared—by his present article, which outlines the entire work. Dr. Nowak is the only scholar who has enjoyed full access to the Kaiser, and he comes to the conclusion that Bülow, not Wilhelm, was responsible for Germany's tragic destiny. He does not entirely relieve Germany of the accusation of war guilt, but he does interpret the causes of the War in a wholly new light and utterly destroys, by implication at any rate, such books as Emil Ludwig's biography of the Kaiser.

CYRIL CONNELLY, a frequent contributor to Desmond MacCarthy's admirable *Life and Letters*, discusses the relative merits of D. H. Lawrence and Aldous Huxley. He maintains that the present generation of British writers must choose between Lawrence's worship of the instincts and Huxley's intellectualism. But since Huxley himself, who was a close friend of Lawrence and put him into *Point Counter Point*, where he almost stole the show, became such an admirer of Lawrence, the answer seems to be rather paradoxical, for we find that the intellectuals understand Lawrence's message better than anyone else. Mr. Connelly therefore brings his essay to an abrupt conclusion that prophesies immediate social revolution.

THE Scandinavian countries are so nice and peaceful and intelligent that they provide little material for the stormy chronicle that we find ourselves presenting from month to month of our stormy times. It is therefore with real relish that we end this issue, as we open it, on a note of optimism. Sigrid Undset, former Nobel Prize winner, shows that, though Norway may not be afflicted by the depression, it has survived for thousands of years through real storms fully as terrible as the present so-called 'economic blizzard.'

ALL the reviews in our 'Books Abroad' department deserve special mention. Three of them deal with three new French novels, *Mal d'Amour* by Jean Fayard, which won the Goncourt Prize, *Saint-Saturnin* by Jean Schlumberger, and *Claire* by Jacques Chardonne. Each of these books represents a wholly new development in French literature (as Edmond Jaloux points out in his criticism of Fayard's work), a return to the classic type of French novel, and a revolt against the wise-cracking school of Morand and Cocteau. Another book of international significance is *Das Ende des Kapitalismus*, signed with a *nom de plume* and providing the first serious attempt at a National Socialist philosophy. The authors—or author—reveal the utter destitution of Germany's middle class and proclaim the doctrine of economic nationalism that was expounded in more popular, superficial form by Dr. Joseph Goebbels in our last month's issue.

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WAR AND PEACE

ARMAMENTS are not so much themselves a disease as a symptom, and the disease is fear. Our task is to strike at the roots of the malady and demonstrate not with pious aspirations but with knowledge that the world is one.—*Sir John Simon, British Foreign Secretary.*

Europe and the world have the choice. If world conscience suffers defeat through French militarism, Europe is lost and the ultimate outcome will be chaos. The rest of Europe will have to bow down before the new factor, whose man power in case of war will come from Africa. The meaning every American school child can realize. Europe under French domination will cease to be European and will be in danger of becoming African. A parallel is the Roman Empire in decline using increasing numbers of Teutonic soldiers and falling gradually into the hands of various Germanic races.—*Adolf Hitler.*

If this disarmament conference is to come to successful result it must do so by the joint action of all those represented. There cannot be any question of unilateral action by any power or group of powers. Although the most enthusiastic friends of disarmament might wish to see any one country throw down its arms as a fine example to the rest, in the present state of the world that is not feasible. Diminish armaments, yes; but all must diminish in an equal degree.—*Sir Herbert Samuel, British Home Secretary.*

Why, we would n't take Manchuria as a gift. —*Ki Inukai, Japanese Premier.*

Japan by her offensive in Manchuria has thrown a monkey wrench into the world's disarmament machinery.—*Dr. W. W. Yen, Chinese Minister to Washington.*

Manchuria is now a frozen and unhappy land, in the grip of winter and in the depths of woe. But you have a phrase in English—'If winter comes, can spring be far behind?' The actuating motive of Japan's policy is to bring genuine spring back to this frozen land.—*General Honjo, Japanese Commander in Manchuria.*

The world—and particularly Europe—is under a vague but widespread feeling of uncertainty as to the maintenance of peace in the future years. So that, in the end, the financial and the economic problems are essentially problems of pacification.—*Dino Grandi, Italian Foreign Minister.*

The old evil maxim of 'If you wish peace you must prepare for war' has been forever shattered. The lesson of the Great War has been written large in letters of blood, that great armaments can lead only to war.—*Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang, Archbishop of Canterbury.*

If the trend of history has been to make politics more and more the embodiment of the interests of the business world, which is a safe generalization, the movement for international peace is bound to grow parallel with this development.—*Professor James T. Shotwell.*

If the Japanese armies can with complete success defy the League or if there appears some demonstrable impotence of the Council of the League in dealing with such a situation, it is not only a setback to the League but a world calamity of the first order.

But we should not blame the Council. I believe this is a much more serious symptom of the state of the world than any mere weakness of any individual.

It looks as if the general feeling of the nations of Europe indicated that our civilization has not got the will or vitality to maintain those great covenants of peace on which our very continuance depends.—*Professor Gilbert Murray.*

The peoples of the world, suffering under the world depression and the arms burden, want disarmament. The peoples of the world could not understand a postponement of the conference, least of all the German people, who have been waiting twelve years to have their own disarmament followed by the all-round disarmament to which the other parties to the Versailles Treaty obligated themselves morally and legally.—*Count von Bernstorff, German representative at the Preparatory Disarmament Conference.*

The nations laid down the sword only to take up the other weapons of economic force, hate and fear. They raised their tariff walls not only for economic reasons, but as military weapons to make themselves secure in case of future war.—*Maude Royden, British preacher.*

I do not believe that a French refusal to disarm further is an adequate and sufficient reason why the other powers—America, Britain, Germany, Italy, Japan, and the rest—should also refuse.—*Alanson B. Houghton, former American Ambassador to Germany.*

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THE LIVING AGE

The World in Review

In This Number:

England Looks at Europe	*Walter Elliot*
Why Stalin Shifted	*J. Parnell Mandeville*
Chancellor Brüning	*Rudolf Kircher*
Frenchmen Can't Be Wrong	*E. Giscard d'Estaing*
Corruption in Armaments	*Francis Delaisi*
Tolstoi and Dostoievski	*Egon Friedell*
Chinese Dinner	*Claude Alayrac*
Book Ballyhoo	*Hugh Walpole*

$6 a Year *September, 1931* 50¢ a Copy

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R. S. V. P.

IMPRESSIVE testimony has been delivered within the past month emphasizing the value of the work performed by THE LIVING AGE. Elsewhere in this issue we quote the words of Newton Baker, Nicholas Murray Butler, and Harry Garfield and then show that a group of our own readers have been inspired by THE LIVING AGE to express identical opinions.

As the one magazine that brings the authentic foreign point of view to the United States, THE LIVING AGE feels a unique responsibility at the present hour. And since the leading men throughout the country plead for better international understanding, we have devised a scheme that should fill out the work we are already doing.

From time to time, we have printed under the caption, 'Correspondence,' letters from our subscribers discussing a variety of topics. We are convinced that this department can be made enormously useful, but our conviction will be realized only if it is shared by our readers.

This is the idea. Every issue of THE LIVING AGE touches upon a dozen or more subjects of direct interest to Americans whose point of view is world-wide. Surely there are many readers of the magazine who would welcome the opportunity to express their opinions on these subjects if they knew that the editors would gladly print all letters of outstanding interest, not exceeding, we may add, five hundred words in length.

Take this issue, for instance. A British engineer gives an original interpretation of Stalin's new industrial policy. A German journalist asserts that England and America have established a silent partnership. A Frenchman justifies his country's attitude during the present world crisis. And in the 'World Over' we ourselves touch on a score of international topics that challenge attention.

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INDEX

The Index for Volume 340 of THE LIVING AGE (March 1931 through August 1931) is now available.

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